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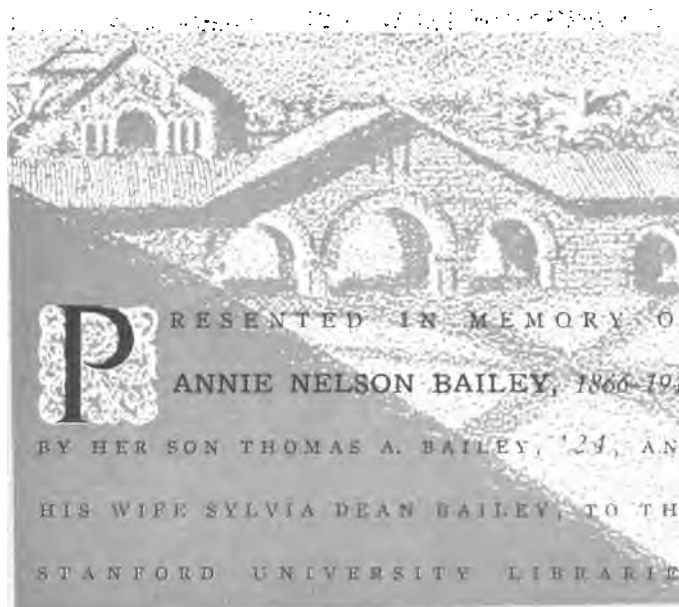
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# THE YELLOW ANGEL



MARY STEWART DAGGETT



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## **THE YELLOW ANGEL**







***I**N the noon-day sun the Celestial's  
white garments shone spotless.*

# THE YELLOW ANGEL

BY  
**MARY STEWART DAGGETT**

Author of "Maripossilla," "The Broad Aisle,"  
"The Higher Court," etc.

*ILLUSTRATED*



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1914

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TO  
THE MASTER OF TEMPLE HILL  
AND TO  
FRIENDS OF EARLIER CALIFORNIA DAYS  
WHO DEPLORE WITH ME THE PASSING OF  
"THE YELLOW ANGEL"  
M. S. D.



*The author acknowledges permission from "The Outlook," New York, and from "The Los Angeles Times Magazine," Los Angeles, to reprint certain chapters now comprised in the story of THE YELLOW ANGEL.*



## PREFACE

**W**HETHER the present Chinese Republic shall stand or fall is but a matter of suppositional interest when compared with ultimate standards that will undoubtedly control the awakened race. China is no longer "shut in"; the world at large must respect its brand in the universal round-up of nations.

Ernest Francisco Fenollosa holds that a trite opportunity for the ignorant is to declare that "China is China." He then continues, "That is enough for the professed sinologue. To find evidence regarding it (China) outside of its own forbidding records, is what they never ask. 'East is East and West is West, and never the two shall meet,' so runs Kipling's specious dictum; and American orators use it to-day to affect our treaty legislation. But the truth is that *they have met*, and they are meeting again now; and history is a thou-

## PREFACE

sand times richer for the contact. They have contributed a great deal to each other, and must contribute still more; they interchange views from the basis of a common humanity; and humanity is thus enabled to perceive what is stupid in its insularity."

Fenollosa's words are adequate.

The author of *THE YELLOW ANGEL* is encouraged by their sincerity; and the simple story of "Sue Chang" shall go forth with the hope that it may in some measure dispel Occidental prejudice.

M. S. D.

PASADENA, CAL., *March*, 1914.

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## THE YELLOW ANGEL



# THE YELLOW ANGEL

## CHAPTER I


### "THE YELLOW ANGEL"

"I NO understand! I no understand!" said Sue Chang, "The Yellow Angel." He wound a long black queue about his head; plunged brown, shapely hands beneath the flow of a hydrant, and dried them on a fresh, coarse towel. When he moved from a sheltering pepper tree, his starched white sacklet and apron glistened in the California sunshine. He stood, shading his eyes as he gazed across the valley and beyond to outlying hills that rolled between the country and the town.

Chinese New Year was in full blast in the "City of Angels." In the old Quarter the clang of gongs proclaimed wild revels and Sue Chang thought he heard music. For one

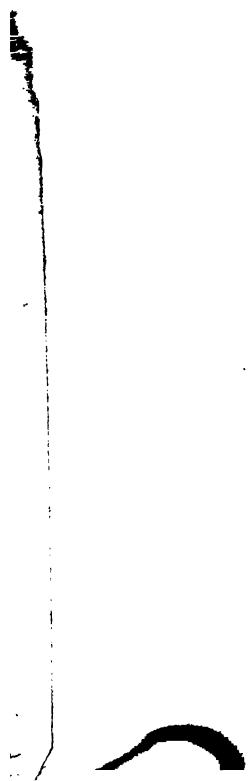
## 16 THE YELLOW ANGEL

happy week heathen might rage and imagine vain things. Golden-faced aliens owned the smiling land, all ignoring bonds of trade and service to feast and jabber of wives and children and friends in the old home at the other side of the world. "The Yellow Angel" of Temple Hill was alone and sad; for this year he took no active interest in the loud festivities of the great holiday. He had promised his Mission teacher to be good; to eschew evil. His lavender silk outing garment and felt Fedora hat hung on hooks in his tent-house, while, earlier in the day, he half-tearfully watched a neighbor's cook depart for the Quarter, dressed in rich attire. He again softly sighed, remembering his own neglected gala garb. Above, in the deep blue sky, he saw bird-shaped kites of every hue and knew that "Chinatown" blazed with flags, banners and lanterns. Sue Chang's soul hungered from afar. It was hard to be a strict Presbyterian when even birds and butterflies seemed to be flying in quest of pleasure. In harmless retrospect, he recalled familiar balconies of the Quarter, hung with palms and flowers, where





***HIS** starched white sacklet and apron  
glistened in the California sunshine.*



## “THE YELLOW ANGEL” 17

happy, smiling women and tiny children now completed the domestic picture for Chinese carnival. He knew that Celestial merchants chatted on every corner, while privileged boys shot firecrackers and paraded in gorgeous trousers and royal overgarments.

Sue Chang could not forget customs dear to his hungry heart. “I no likey not see,” he sadly owned.


It appeared that only the Yellow Angel and the prejudiced tourist were unable to respond to delightful opportunities. Sue Chang’s scruples had developed in twelve months, whereas the man from an eastern sea coast had nurtured disapproval of heathen orgies through generations of Puritanical ancestors. He now deplored wild conditions of a Christian land, and sought baked beans amid strawberries ripened in open beds in midwinter. The old Quarter seemed hopeless and to an unimaginative mind the “New England Almanack” was artfully profaned.

January in Los Angeles, “City of Angels,” had become a blooming paradox; a mix-up of Christmas calendars and the Fourth of July.

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Everything in the country was bewildering. Meantime heathen excitement continued to wax hot with good-natured disregard for all things serious pervading the balmy air. Unholy jargon and sensuous odors welled from the walls of Chinatown. In every direction golden angels in shining raiment paid visits with smiles and cherry-red New Year's cards. Flowing sleeves of lavender and green and rose caught the breeze with holiday swing, suggesting full possibilities of aviation, as happy aliens flew by on new bicycles. For even zealous "Mission boys" had generally deserted their American households. Throughout the city fair women flushed above the range or frowned upon a cold repast.

The Yellow Angel alone stuck to his kitchen telephone and a seven-o'clock dinner. Until the last moment the mistress of Temple Hill contemplated their cook's departure; when he did not go, she smiled triumphant. "He shall be numbered with the Golden Cherubim," the master irreverently proclaimed, but failed to discover that a sacrificial role, even in humble life, is not satisfying.



## “THE YELLOW ANGEL” 19

Sue Chang went on with his work, miserably conscious of heartbreaking righteousness and tame reward. “I no understand! I no understand!” he murmured again and again.

During twelve long months the Yellow Angel had professed sober, confusing doctrines of Christianity. A brave renunciation of present gay opportunities had exalted him in the eyes of his auburn-haired Mission-school teacher and endeared him afresh to the hearts of his employers; yet for unanswerable reasons the Celestial did not feel compensated for the loss of joyous opportunities still within his reach. Frequent trains, steaming down the valley, puffed a tune for Chinatown. Every tree stirring on the Hill wafted an invitation to the city, while at last the old Quarter seemed to laugh at the poor Yellow Angel’s sacrifice. It was then that he again remembered his rash promise to the teacher at the Mission. For the auburn-haired instructress had unfolded many strange things, alas! to become less plain under pressure of unexpected disappointment, and to-day he was not valiant.


“I no understand! I just heap stupid,” he

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cried out; and the sound of his own voice brought stolid comfort.

A red kite soared above his head, and down in the street he heard once more the crackle of powder. A belated Chinaman tore down the road on a wheel.

"I be Clistian! I be Clistian!" Sue Chang choked. "I not go Chinatown—see my flens—jus' go Mission—have Holy Supper." His eyes lifted to the fluttering kite. Then suddenly the will to put Satan's gay bird behind him drove him half-crazed to the screened porch of the kitchen. He seized a basket of vegetables and began to shell peas. Determination marked his brow. His chin sank to his breast; for a moment his young countenance was set and dull. Roses smiled upon him, but he did not notice their pretty pink and white faces. He knit his golden forehead into sad, perplexed lines and rained fresh green bullets against an answering pan. The tragedy of the previous night broke over him and his earlier satisfaction in the communion service, so judiciously administered at the Mission, now seemed doubtful.



## “THE YELLOW ANGEL” 21

The house was still; for the mistress, the children, the governess and the nurse-maid had all departed for a drive. The Yellow Angel was alone and no one would hear.

“I be Clistian one long year,” he began, “not heap happy! I not go Chinatown see flens—hear ’bout my cluntry. My cluntry good land, people jus’ stupid. Big mountains—all same California. My people kind—jus’ say fool plare to idol—be heap poor. My fadder—my mudder—not velly bad?” The inflection of his voice answered the questions and Pigeon English burst into inspired allegory.

“I be heap stupid—claus I not understand!” he desperately deplored. “Now I good—I not have flun! My flens down Chinatown have flun—I stay be Clistian. I no shoot fireclacker—fly kite—play fan-tan—smoke opium—do no bad thing—jus’ go Mission. Las’ night teacher tell boys Holy supper more better lan China New Year. Boys sing—say plare—all give money build church—tell teacher good-night. That not make velly happy. Len boys go Los Angeles. I not go. Teacher

## 22 THE YELLOW ANGEL

say I good Clistian. Plitty soon I see locket in sky, I no likey look—my heart so solly. I no likey go in my house—see all my flens go Chinatown!

“Lem Gee he say, ‘Come Chinatown—have flun.’ I say I not go—I Clistian. Too much expense—I pay money, build church. Lem Gee say, ‘Heap fool.’ I say—I not fool—I likey be good—have sins forgive. Lem Gee say, ‘Go, take lun!’ He say—he not go Mission one week—he go Chinatown—have heap flun—fly klite—shoot fireclacker—play fantan. Lem Gee not work kitchen one week; one day he come home—cook—go Mission—be heap solly—have sins forgive all samy. I no sabe! I no sabe!”

Peas fell into the pan with angry thud, while shooting crackers exploded down the street. Sue Chang groaned. He had reached the denouement of his allegory. The penalty of Christian warfare was heavy and a tear swept his golden cheek. He thrust it away and went on conclusively.

“Lem Gee go Chinatown—I go my house. I go dark street—I say plare—cause I flaid,

“THE YELLOW ANGEL” 23

Plitty soon big dog come bite my leg—bad man hit my head. I fall down—no sense. Bad man steal my money. I go my house. I heap sick. I cly—say nudder plare. Not much fun! I hear fireclacker down Chinatown. I see locket in skly. I stay my bed. This morn-  
ing I work hard—cook—scub. My kitchen all clean 'fore Lem Gee come see me. Lem Gee have new blicycle. He so happy—fly all same bird. He say I big fool, not go Chinatown last night. He say—see!—show heap pile gold. He say he play fan-tan; no cop catchy on—just good luck. Lem Gee buy new blicycle—have plesent for teacher—heap more money. Plitty soon he velly solly, he say. Not velly solly *yet*—not till *one week*. One week—he go Mission—get one blite bled, one dlink wine, be forgive sins. I no understand! I just a heap sick in my heart.”

Above, a meadow-lark gave the call for the New Year. Pink and red roses nodded in the breeze, still pointing down to Chinatown. Festive echoes of Celestial merry-making tore Sue Chang's heart; but again he tossed green peas from sweet-smelling pods. Again he

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bowed his head in dull submission to an unjust fate. Rewards of the Christian soldier were not satisfying, and in vain he tried to sing his favorite hymn. There was no song in his heart; and the blonde image of his adored Mission teacher refused to materialize. Vague, horrible skepticism entered his soul. Henceforth theological problems would torture him; for even now he respected the discernment of Lem Gee, while the more wiley heathen's opulent state and delectable outing seemed to frost all budding faith. The "Yellow Angel" deplored his own virtuous, but withal disastrous, stand. Sudden, irresistible longing seized him. Friends and countrymen called loudly—above the voice of the auburn-haired siren.

"I sick in my heart!" he cried. "I no likey be good all time—too hard! I go Chinatown jus' one hour. I get dinner—len I go theater—see big play—hear music—have little flun! I talk 'bout my cluntry—'bout my fadder—my mudder—buy fine plesent for teacher all same Lem Gee."

Late into night sounded the gongs of wild



## “THE YELLOW ANGEL” 25

Celestials, and long after tourists had left the quarter, pandemonium prevailed. Then—hush of opium deadened noise in the streets. When red lanterns paled with early glow of morning, the boy Sue Chang stumbled forth to trudge his weary way to Temple Hill; to stir in deep humility cold, dead ashes of an accusing range.

## CHAPTER II

### YEARS AFTER

**T**HE Yellow Angel's kitchen was immaculate; in fact too clean for the course of ordinary events. Rows of utensils hung coldly bright above the sink; a dead range shone with melancholy luster of fresh mourning; and even the little clock ticked a premonitory knell from the side wall.

Sue Chang, in an oilcloth traveling costume, his queue uncoiled, his dark face a study of conflicting emotions, bade farewell to Temple Hill. For the first time during ten years of service the faithful cook claimed a vacation of a year, and faced again for the Fatherland.

Chang's visit to old China was attended with certain trepidation—the gradual result of a long sojourn in the United States. He dreaded the ocean voyage, taken in the deep

bowels of the ship, and by degrees had lost faith in traditions of his native land.

The United States had insidiously usurped the power of rotting ancestors; while California was now the heathen's advanced ideal of civilization. On Temple Hill, his American home, every tree and shrub on the six-acre knoll seemed dear to him. Here he had seen roses and children blooming together, side by side, until dreams of far-away China, of aging parents, and a lily-footed "bride to be" became strangely mixed with local interests and modern beliefs. Chang had become an important factor in the daily life and domestic economy of "Temple Hill."

The mistress faced an oft-postponed calamity; for Chang was going "back home" to be gone a whole year. With strange unrest she computed the price of her faithful cook's departure. The present moment seemed like a gloomy "foreword" to a still more gloomy story. Celestial data called up vivid memories of past tribulations, as she again endeavored to solve a half-forgotten problem. Twice before she had sought out the rule for the in-

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volved question, "How many days in a month when the cook goes on a vacation?" Already she jumped at her answer, and it was twice the number allotted in the calendar.

On a fresh, sunshiny morning, when she should have been in the rose garden, listening to love songs of mocking-birds hidden among vines of the veranda, she was otherwise engaged, with thoughts that were irritable and grim. What should she do without her faithful heathen? Where could his match be found? Was not his bread as digestible as heavenly manna? his soup as nutritious as the avowed promises of gold-label advertisements? When he beat the dust from a treasured prayer-rug, he harmed not a sacred thread! Controlled by his steady hands, usual cut-glass disasters were averted; within his judicious grasp Coalport china took no sudden leaps into the air. He was a wonder, this quiet, masterful Chang. Even the hens of the chicken-yard respected him; for each did her duty and laid an egg a day—Sunday not exempt. The doves revered him likewise, mourning with exaggerated pathos when he de-



***EVEN** the hens of the chicken-yard  
respected him.*



served them. Always when he called they came, dashing through the blue to the very verge of his kitchen door. When he fed them, they returned to their cotes joyfully, circling as they went, flashing wings against a sunlit air like darting prisms. Standing among the pigeons in spotless white work-clothes, his queue coiled neatly above his intelligent golden brow, Chang made a picture.

As the children of Temple Hill grew up, they went away to school and college; then Chang was "heap sorry." When they came home, he felt "heap glad." When a daughter of the house was married, he rejoiced. One day a little grandson arrived, and Celestial joy knew no bounds. "Heap lovely little man!" he cried. "I take picture with him—send back China—let my folks see all same 'Merican baby."

He was charmed with the result of the snapshot and posed again with his "New Departure" bicycle. "I tell my flends back China, my wheel fly all same bird," he declared with smiles. "My people not smart like these United States," he went on. "More better old

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Empress die—I think that old lady keep China heap dark; some day my people get more light all same 'Merica."

A wistful shade clouded his brow.

"Since I live this Temple Hill I understand many things," he acknowledged with commendable pride. "Now I not believe those idols—now I say idols no good." The mistress bowed approval, and Chang proceeded to establish Christian premises. "Idols cannot make happy—idols cannot make rich—idols cannot make good—idols just like old brickbat—no hear—no see—no feel. When I go back home, I tell my family these United States great cluntry—idols no good—I know sure—now I live so long this Temple Hill."

And shortly after Chang's heroic threat to enlighten his benighted countrymen, he had received a command from aging parents to return to China on a most important mission. Both bade him fulfill his long-standing pledge to the child wife of years back; to hasten without delay to the Flowery Kingdom and restore a wilting blossom. The girl had matured and, with others of her class, awaited the arrival of

alien sons who had gone to the United States after money.

At first Chang seemed reluctant to obey the summons; but tenets of a yet vague theology had not displaced traditions of ages, and gradually the lukewarm bridegroom flamed to the idea of nuptials prescribed by unrelenting ancestors. Chang's preparations for his wedding soon became elaborate. He bought gifts for his future wife, and most characteristic of all that he selected were buttons fashioned from United States two-dollar-and-a-half gold pieces. These he purchased from the bank to enrich the wedding garments of a lily-footed bride. Each treasure was shown in turn to the sympathetic mistress of the Hill. Chang was a proud suitor, but occasionally he had doubts.

"I like plitty much have my wife stay these United States, but no can," he one day deplored. "Not much fun have wife far away—ten thousand miles—I sorry, but no can help—my fadder say I come back China—get mally more better back there. China son no can do like 'Merican boy—China boy no dare tell his

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fadder 'mind you business'—China son must do all same his fadder tell him."

The case was plain; and, the evening before Chang's departure for San Francisco, the boys of the Mission school gave him a little supper. "I have heap lovely party last night," he said next morning. "My flends bring plesents—lice cleam — cake — nuts — laisons — I make speech! Teacher say long, lovely plare—clause I not get sick that old ship—not get eat up by big whale—get safe back China—then come back these United States. Boys sing 'Onward, Clistian Soldier'—shake hands—say good luck till I be home Temple Hill—my own kitchen."

At this time there seemed to be no doubt in regard to the legality of Chang's return papers. The United States had not then crossed the Rubicon. A chimerical interest in a store of Los Angeles' Chinatown gave him the privilege to return to the Republic at the end of a year.

The mistress knew that after twelve months Chang would come back and take up his work without complaint or outward emo-



*“**H**EAP lovely little man! I take  
picture with him.”*






tion. Some fine morning he would suddenly appear and domestic burdens would roll away. She might lift her eyes and behold the faithful one upon the rose walk; his oilcloth traveling suit worse for wear, the gray Fedora hat a trifle soiled—otherwise the smiling bridegroom would be in excellent condition. She saw his cheeks round, his eyes bright, his whole countenance frank with joy. An hour later would again establish him in the United States. He could once more wear his spotless white garments; coil his queue for labor. In imagination the mistress heard him calling to the pigeons and half forgot that the faithful one must go from home. Then came the realization of a long, hard year not yet begun. That same night she had a dream. After wakeful hours filled with plans for a now demoralized household she saw a wide and pleasant meadow, leading sweetly forward, wild green barley spears gleamed through warm brown mold, while millions of golden poppies blazed in sunlight. The vision was quieting, and next morning the master of the Hill interpreted it with a chuckle.

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"The meadow," said he, "means years of peace and comfort; the barley-spears eliminate the sad contingency of sour bread, and golden poppies typify Celestial thrift when at last the Yellow Angel comes back. 'Blest be the shade of Confucius!' Blest be his shade, for our precious Heathen will be sure to return to his American home dead broke!"

And the prophecy proved true. The year rolled round, and one day Chang's familiar face appeared at the door, and soon the household was depending on him as formerly.

Five tranquil years now went by before Chang's brow began again to gather lines of anxiety. Then for the first time in the memory of the mistress he grew slightly irritable; later she surmised that her hour had come—Chang was again going to China. When she recovered from her shock sufficiently to inquire the cause of her cook's sudden determination, Chang explained graphically that Chinese circles were greatly excited over the unjust stringency of the Exclusion Act. The old "Geary Law" was masquerading in a strait-jacket, and it was the belief of Celestial sages



that working boys could have but one more chance for a peaceful trip to the Fatherland: the assurance that return papers would not be honored by United States officials after the ensuing year had created a panic in both San Francisco and Los Angeles' Chinatowns.

One morning Chang stood with a troubled brow. "I sorry—but I feel heap big debil inside my heart," he confessed. "I go back China once more—come these United States once more—len I must not come this 'Merica."

"Not so bad as that," the lady contradicted.

"Yes, I go—United States not care—I do no harm! No matter." He spread his hands in tragical despair. "I not go now—I not get back these United States any more—my papers no good after one year—when I come this cluntry one more time I stay five year—then I go back see my wife all time—be all same my people." Sad lines formed in his forehead. "I sorry United States do that way. My cluntry pretty good," he went on; "big mountains—all same California—people just poor—too dark—not heap smart. Wing Lee—he go China, too." Wing Lee was our

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laundryman, and, like our cook, had served us for years.

“Yes, he go too,” Chang continued. “He sell out business—go back home—pay all his money—so wife and children not be slaves any more.” The mistress raised her hands in horror. “Wing Lee’s wife and children slaves!” “Yes, they all slaves back China. I not know Wing Lee back home,” Chang coolly announced. “We go same ship till I get China; when I get my cluntry, I say good-by—not speak to Wing Lee any more.” “Indeed!” said the mistress. After all, thought she, snobbery is but the grandchild of caste.

Chang’s candid scorn for the washman who was returning to China upon a godlike mission filled her with fresh interest. “And will Wing Lee be able to return to America?” she asked.

“He not know—maybe he sneak in all same Mexico. He know one fellow do that way. Wing Lee tell me—he try get back, too. When wife and children be free—he say he be dead bloke—len he try get back these United States—make little money. He not know sure.”

The mistress prayed devoutly that the



"Mexican sneak" might prove successful. "And you feel that you must return to China at once?" she asked, with a lingering hope that Chang could be induced to change his mind. "Yes, I go," he declared emphatically; and two weeks later he departed.

The ensuing year was a long one for the Temple Hill household. Many of the best Chinese servants of the Southwest had discreetly followed the judgment of Chang. There seemed to be hardly a reliable cook left in the country. A hegira had taken place in Los Angeles' Chinatown, and even Yap Sing, the Grand Mogul of Celestial employment agencies, owned that the stock of cooks was poor and unreliable. "Pretty soon boys all come back," he encouraged from time to time, and at last the promise was fulfilled.


After months of inconvenience and waiting, when the mistress of the Hill had almost given up the idea of Chang's return, she saw him once more trudging into the grounds with his big shining valise and a suggestive bundle of ship blankets. Her heart fluttered somewhat wildly, but she stood still with smiling dignity.

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and awaited the inevitable moment. Triumph lit her eyes, for only that very morning she had disputed the pessimistic opinion of her husband, declaring stoutly that Chang the faithful would surely come.

Now, spreading beyond the approaching vision of returning peace and comfort, the great mountains seemed to applaud her faith. She lifted her eyes unto the hills and returned thanks for blessings past and close at hand. Spring air of the Southwest land touched her cheeks; every rose in the garden seemed to congratulate her. Then, with an exultant whirl through the sun-kissed sky, came the doves. A pure white leader steered the flashing flock and as Chang put down his valise and bundle to gaze upward the pigeons appeared to know that their friend had come. Into the blue they dove joyous wings, circling after dazzling mates this way and that way, until at last they found the little plaza before the kitchen door. Here Chang fed them after his eventful journey of ten thousand miles.

In her secret soul the mistress vowed ruin to an unjust Exclusion Act. A restriction act





***"I TELL my friends back China, my  
wheel fly all same bird."***



were well enough, but justice should control its articles. Of what particular benefit were foreign missions if the United States did not treat fairly the very heathen it sought to Christianize?

When the faithful, plodding, clear-sighted Chinese laborers had all been driven from the Pacific coast, what would become of the "Happy Valleys" of a goodly land not yet half developed? Would not decline tarnish the golden promises of earlier years? What would be the ultimate story of the far-stretching, burning mesa—thirsting for undeveloped water; of wide utilitarian acres below the "Mother Mountains"; of tender pockets of fertile mold hidden between pleasant hills? She asked herself the questions with perturbation.


After a long sojourn in her adopted land, she did not believe it possible to develop the Pacific slope without the aid of Chinese laborers. The Japanese could never displace their Celestial cousins, in the calm estimation of the mistress of Temple Hill. She had watched both alien races with extreme interest,

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and she had seen always that in complicated matters, in tasks demanding strength and endurance, in loyalty, in truthfulness, in honesty and general adaptability, the intelligent Chinaman can distance a Japanese of his own class. As yet no Celestial had dreamed of a Republic for his native land.

Still wondering in regard to the possible outcome of a grave and undecided issue, the lady walked to the rear of the house. There, on the kitchen porch, she found her model heathen shelling peas. Gold of Ophir roses peeped at him from behind the lattice, while a derelict hen from the chicken-yard cackled her complaints at his feet. The picture was a comforting one, and the mistress of the Hill dismissed for the day all moody speculations. Peas fell into the pan like pleasant rain. Suddenly Chang lifted his eyes; his countenance shone with pride and satisfaction.

"I not tell you I get little son back China? Yes, he come all light—six hours before I start back these United States." He waited expectantly for congratulation sure to follow,



then went on: "I not likey to leave my little son that soon—but no can help—I heap scare anyway 'cause I stay home so long—I flaid my papers no good—I heap scare I not get back United States all light. My old ship sail next day my little boy be born. I heap sick in my heart—but no can stay—hear my little son make big cly."

The mistress sympathized as best she could, and Chang continued. "You not likey you husbland go away six hours after you little son get born?"

"No, indeed," she answered.

"I not think these United States velly kind to poor Chinaman. Sixteen year I work this cluntry—do no harm—when my little son be born I can no stay home one day—fear my papers no good. That hard—I say. I think Chinaman not do United States any harm?—some Chinaman good—some bad—all same 'Merican man. Bad Chinaman smoke opium—do mean thing; but bad Chinaman not harm United States—just harm hisself."

Chang's command of English was not fluent;

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but his epigrammatic philosophy charmed. The intelligent heathen understood more than he could express.

"I heap solly 'bout my poor cluntry. She have hard luck all time. That big Boxer war! Now pletty soon that big Russia want Manchuria—say China old fool. Some day I think China not have much land left. One year lose some—fight—pay big money—lose more land. After 'while nations take all—China be dead bloke—not any good. I see things myself. Back home my people heap scare—say all cluntries fight China—plitty soon China have no more land—just old temples—old idols. I wish China all same Republic!"

He dropped his eyes, and the brown hands renewed their scuffle with green pods. For a moment falling peas appeared to sound a dirge to gloomy convictions; then Chang lifted a smiling face.

"I no can help these things," he declared, with the good nature of a true philosopher. "Now I stay this cluntry five year—then, I see, maybe, Plesident these United States do something—make new law—so good China-

man can stay this cluntry—go home—come back. I think that like Jesus. Jesus be solly, I think, when poor Chinaman have bad luck.”

The crude philosopher of the pea-pods had closed the question, and with strange humility the lady walked away.

Months later, when Russia and Japan began to fight for golden apples, she recalled Chang’s prophecy. Often at breakfast she felt a furtive glance behind her chair, and knew that her Celestial sought for headlines of war in the morning paper.

## CHAPTER III

### THE UNDERSTUDY

**D**URING the Yellow Angel's second visit to China, Temple Hill appeared to be threatened with devastation. All at once the family cow went dry, then died, regardless of the little grandson who had arrived from the East to spend the summer. The old grayhound, so long befriended by Sue Chang, choked on a bone and gave up the ghost. Doves flew boldly away to find strange mates, while broods of downy chicks hatched out and soon expired. Even the mistress of the Hill grew thin and alarmed over the Yellow Angel's uncertain return. For the Exclusion Law again flourished. Celestials met trouble and insult the moment they entered the Golden Gate, despite credentials and worthy records. Meanwhile cooks came and went with every moon. The situation was tragic.

The poor mistress had given up to despair, when at last she secured a Jap of promising pretension. The freshness of his white apparel, the style of his bearing and withal his deferential manner, filled her with joy. He seemed to be a jewel beyond careless appraisal. Still she was cold and annoyed when the master ranked his possibilities with those of the absent Yellow Angel. "Wait," she commanded. But he persisted that she was unreasonable in her cool estimate of the new cook's first dinner.

"Holy guns! could there be anything more perfect? His etceteras are wonderful; his bow is a dream. There is nothing lacking but the Fujiyama, yet to be painted upon his kitchen wall. Perhaps some local Japanese artist would accommodate us; surely our treasure is worthy of any attainable background."


The wife raised her eyelids in cool derision.

"It is just possible that he might prefer silk, hand-painted Wistaria curtains at his windows instead of shades. And the electric bulbs could be dropped into Oriental lanterns," she suggested witheringly.

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"For my part, I am willing to watch for developments. Because his first dinner was good is no sign that his second one will be better. Wait a day or two before you order the Fujiyama; even that unique background might not suit the taste of the next one."

"Fudge," said her husband; "you don't seem to understand that all proverbs have been transposed to suit a progressive age. 'All things come to him who waits' now means, the man who waits gets left. As soon as the fame of our treasure spreads throughout the neighborhood there will be trouble in store for us if we neglect his personal comforts and dwarf his impressions of what a kitchen ought to be. Our friends across the way with so much money will educate his taste; while in their superb annex he may discover sterling dish-pans and wrought-iron poker that will put our plain utensils to shame. Be reasonable, dear; for once give me the benefit of the doubt. I have studied human nature so thoroughly that I am fully convinced about this particular matter. Our Jap will rise to his environment. If we wish to keep him, we must 'go one better'



on chaste elegance and gentlemanly perquisites."

"I do not deny in part what you say," said the lady gazing gloomily at the pretentious mansion across the way. "I don't deny that our treasure may be hard to keep; for really, there is no chance for happiness in this neighborhood any longer. We ought to move out of it. It is far too rich for us, and now if we have to decorate the kitchen wall with the Fujiyama, I think we had better sell the place."

"My dear," said the husband, "you have not been to service for two Sundays; meantime you have forgotten to repeat the tenth commandment. I see clearly that you are not inclined to keep this law. To restore your naturally courageous heart to its old cunning I would suggest a dinner party. Invite a few friends; the bishop who is a summer bachelor; George Horton and Jack Roe. Roe says he's starved since his wife went East, and Horton's about the same."

"I'm not quite sure," the wife deliberated. "Well, I think I will. The Bishop is so appreciative, I just love him. And the other

men will be simply overawed by our spotless prize. Really, I never saw anything more refreshing for hot weather than a Jap's white-linen get-up. Just think, even his shoes are white. White shoes, white pantaloons, white jacket, white apron, white cap for the kitchen," she enumerated. "Looks quite like an East Indian butler. Yes, I think it will be lovely to have something doing. I haven't dared to ask any one to dinner since the Yellow Angel went to China. Of course he was perfect! I fear he may never get back to this side; and there are so few good Chinese servants left in the country that we will doubtless be compelled to employ Japanese. If all Japs are as capable and æsthetic as our present incumbent we may get along after all!"

She dropped into a chair with an attitude of deep thinking.

"It is Tuesday; Friday would be the best day," said she. "Tell the Bishop seven o'clock; it will surely be cool by that time; very informal, of course."

"Yes, very informal," her husband intoned; "very informal, with all the best dishes."

"The swellest little dinner of the summer;

cool and restful in every detail," she explained.

The master blinked responsively. "Of course it'll be great, all your things are. But I can't quite see why our dinner last night was not good enough for any man. Take that tomato salad, for instance. Great Scott! It was like a Japanese painting. The pudding was as mysterious as a poem, and I never wish to drink better black coffee. I don't see why you women want to fuss about having a few friends."

"But you see," she beamed, "not everyone can secure a cook who is able to help the table maid; to emulate a butler. As you said a moment ago, we are in duty bound to give him opportunities for uplifting environment. If we don't put on style for company he'll think we have no position in the neighborhood. A man understands so little; never the real reason of success in entertaining. The one time you always take trouble to notice is when something is horribly bad."

"When all is perfect, what can a poor soul say?"

"Nothing, of course; but you might look

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volumes of praise, just as you look volumes of wrath when things don't suit," she held out.

"Well," said her husband, "I will look six cantos of ecstasy when the Bishop eats his salad."

Her eyes smiled. "You needn't overdo it." Then a faraway expression came into her face. "I hardly count on his white shoes for all the year round," she absently observed.

Even as she speculated, the Jap appeared between Kiskillim curtains. "Madam is served," he announced with one hand pressed to his heart, the other one at the side of a jacket no longer spotless.

But hope stirred eternal. Still it was tacitly agreed that the Fujiyama for the kitchen should not be painted until after the dinner.

"A scaffolding might disturb culinary fancies; if he struck his head, for instance, stars instead of patties might be the result," the master wisely ventured.

But on Thursday evening, the night before the affair on hand, the mistress seemed greatly depressed. In vain her husband sought to cheer her.

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"I wish you would stop joking," she complained.

Her spouse flipped the ashes from a cigar and smiled. "Don't get discouraged," he coaxed. "You cannot always expect a first-class dinner from any cook; to-morrow he will give us a corker."

"But his clothes," she cried. "He has become a perfect fright. Yesterday morning he shed his soiled shoes, then by night his jacket had become an absolute disgrace, all stained with plum juice."

"He's saving a fresh outfit for your dinner," the husband assured her.

"Do you really think so?" she laughed hysterically, catching at the straw of comfort. "I have tried my best to peep into his room; but he keeps it locked, and there is no chance of seeing through the keyhole. Jane doesn't believe that he owns another full set of linens, but thinks he'll do washing to-night and iron his clothes in the morning. She says she has often seen a Jap press out a fresh jacket between courses at dinner. I don't want to follow him too closely, but I am awfully worried.

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His cooking has fallen off right along; if he should turn up to-morrow evening without any clothes it would be simply dreadful."

"Scandalous!" agreed the master.

"I fail to appreciate your wit," she cried, crossly. "We had no business to invite those people before we knew just what to expect. And I suppose you have told the men all sorts of nonsense."

"To be sure. They were all charmed with my invitation. I told them to look for something fine, quite on the order of a 'linen shower,' with all sorts of 'far East' touches thrown in. Horton and Roe both decided to lunch on iced tea and crackers on Friday, and the Bishop said to tell you that he would do his weekly fast during the first two meals of the day."

"You would be more of a man if you gave up being facetious. I am positively worn out with the heat and it's all your fault, asking those men to dinner. Dear, dear; little Tom is crying again. Jane says he is growing terribly spoiled. Every time he wakes in the evening she has to hold his hand till he quiets



down. He is getting to be just like a real man; so exacting, and ridiculously sentimental."

"Like his grandfather."

"Exactly. And Julia can't say that we have spoiled her son when she gets back from Europe."

She turned gloomily to cross the room with strong presentiment. A tap on the door called her without. The thing she expected had happened. Shorn of white glory, deeply afflicted with sudden pain, the Jap addressed her.

"I very sorry—but—my head all sick. My heart makes very sad that I go."

"Go?" she repeated, sweeping with scornful eyes the demoralized dream of a passing butler. "You wish to leave me? You do not remember that I have invited friends to dinner—that everything has been fully arranged for to-morrow? You cannot go."

"I sorry—very sorry, but I go. I no can stay. Kitchen too hot. My head crazy. I think I go learn be doctor."

She saw the futility of argument. He was

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bowing low before her; one hand above his heart, the other clutching his hair. An instant later he had vanished. Then the tragedy of the approaching dinner took hold of her, and she burst out wrathfully.

"The odious creature has gone! Actually gone! Every vestige of white apparel has been dropped, even his trousers!"

"Good gracious!" cried her husband. "A linen shower, for sure."

"Now his trousers are brown—horrid old butternut things, not fit to be seen," she proclaimed. "He looks just like a hod carrier. I knew from the first he could never keep up such spotless pretense; but I didn't dream that he was a whited sepulcher, with only a ghost of a wardrobe. Now perhaps you will understand why I do not go into ecstasies over new servants. You will have to tell those men not to come to dinner until next week; meanwhile I shall do my best to get a China boy."

"Just think of the comfort we had with the Yellow Angel!" She was half tearful. "Even when I gave him a vacation he always came home ahead of the allotted time. He ac-

tually loved to work. Before he left for China, when you were trying to fix up his return papers, he gave us all—Julia's baby, even Jane—such pretty farewell gifts; every one of them in perfect taste, presented with real feeling."

She was growing reminiscent. "Just think what delicious bread he made. And his soups and desserts, how perfect! He never seemed tired of trying to please us. Don't you remember the time he went to San Bernardo to see his brother? He had expected to be gone a week, but on the evening of the third day I happened to hear the screen door of the summer kitchen softly open—and there was the Yellow Angel, ready to get our breakfast the next morning. 'Not velly much fun take vacation,' he confessed. 'Jus' walk lound—look store lindow—lide 'lectric car—get heap tired.' His words made a text for his character. We'll never have a bit of comfort or a wholesome thing to eat until he comes home."

## CHAPTER IV

### ALL SAME FAN-TAN

THE stag dinner of Saturday night had made the master late to Sunday's breakfast. He was not contemplating divine service. The soft air of June wafted through open French windows, while without he heard a Gloria of birds and felt the call of a perfect day. The Yellow Angel was once more in California; again cooking and ministering to famished souls of Temple Hill. This morning he seemed unduly solicitous for the master's health. He kept fluttering about the table until at last curiosity got the better of him and he spoke out, like a child.

"I know that cook down Mr. Bain house—where you go las' night," he exulted. "He velly gland! More better lan me?" he modestly questioned.

"We had a very good dinner," the master

answered without undue enthusiasm. To Chang's evident joy the cook at Bain's had not eclipsed his own previous effort. His yellow brow shone triumphant.

"That flend tell me all 'bout party," he again ventured. "He say hot time—hot dlinks—heap money get bet—all same fan-tan."

Embarrassing silence followed, but the Yellow Angel was wound up.

"I bet my flend one dollar my boss get heap most plunk." He glanced admiringly at the master. "My flend bet one dollar he boss got most plunk." Childlike curiosity sharpened his voice with rising inflection. "Why you not tell me?" he persisted. "If you not tell me—my flend make me pay one dollar—I not like that."

The disastrous outcome was so personal that the tender-hearted master twirled a silver dollar upon the tray.

"You shall not be out of pocket on my account," he declared.

The Celestial looked foolishly at the coin.

"American gentlemen do not care to boast

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of their good fortune," the master added evasively. "Tell your friend to ask his own boss for particulars."

He leaned back in his chair and laughed guiltily. But the Yellow Angel did not retire. Something was on his mind—something back of the point in question. He fingered his tray, then spoke desperately.

"That flend I tell you 'bout get allest down Chinatown."

"Indeed!" said the master. "What was the matter?"

"Las' night he play fan-tan all same he boss." The reply came with strange directness. "He say he boss not get allest—he think that old cop not allest China boys. He tell me not fair do udder way. He say he feel big luck hisself, every time he see gentlemen—get lot money—heap easy—all same fan-tan. After he wash dishes—plitty late—he go that loom—make hot stuff—bling slandlich; len he see. All that lich gentlemen take out check-book—settle up. Big pile money. Plitty soon he watch that game heap hard. Fan-tan more easy! He feel sure he get lich all same



boss. When people go home—he go down Chinatown—take little vacation—make little money, he hope. That mistless velly kind—cause he cook so grand! so many big dinner! She say take good time—second girl get meals.”

“And your friend went down to the quarter and got arrested for playing fan-tan?” the master pressed.

“Yes,” the Angel answered, “he get allest first game—old cop catch on easy. I make sneak! No cop catch me!” he affirmed with pride. “I find my wheel—get away fast! I not play—jus’ look on.”

“I am glad you escaped,” said the master. “How about the other boys—were they taken to the police station?”

“Yes, all get lock up. Too many fellows! Patrol wagon too little, no can hold ten boys—old cops heap mean—tie all those queue one bunch—drive boys all same horses. My fiend heap terrible mad. He say he boss not stand that. He cuss all same American man—tell cop he boss get him out light off—soon he telephone. Cop say he may do that. Plitty soon

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boss call up police station—say let cook come home light off; bail be all light—any old thing—one hundred dollar! one thousand dollar! Boss not care. My flend still heap mad—heap scare; len he find me. I say come his house, we consult. Plitty soon we jump 'lectric car—get safe—far away those cops.”

“Bad business,” said the master.

Chang nodded; then a smile spread upon his countenance.

“I glad I skip plenty time!” he exulted.

The master played thoughtfully with his fork.

“What is your friend going to do when his case comes up for trial?” he asked.

With furtive glance Chang laid bare his plan.

“Oh, that nothing!” he declared. “When my flend consult, I tell him my boss make old cops heap sick. I say my boss best lawyer in city.”

“Thank you,” said the gentleman.

“I say Los Angeles big place—many people do bad thing—my boss catch on—not let them

be punish—be solly—help bad men get new chance.”

The master's wife shook behind her napkin. “Your reputation is now unique,” she declared.

Chang glanced at her appealingly. “I not know that word. You tell me?”

He was proud of his English vocabulary and fond of unusual phraseology. The lady explained the meaning of unique as best she could. The heathen repeated the term with confidence. “Eunick! eunick! Yes,” he boasted. “I understand; plitty soon I tell China boys my master that great, eunick lawyer.”

He laughed gleefully. “I say my boss heap better—more smart—more wise—more kind—good—all same great eunick lawyer! I say my boss heap solly boys get allest; not think fan-tan velly bad—jus’ little fun. I say my boss win lot money hisself; more lan poor Chinaman. But boss not be allest! Not be allest, ’cause he big, eunick lawyer.”

“Hold on!” cried the master. “You must

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say nothing of the kind. Great Scott! you will ruin my practice if you go about talking like that. See here, you just let me attend to the case of your friend in private. Send him up to my office this afternoon. I'll see him at four o'clock and get him off from jail if I can; but you must keep quiet—not say a word to the other boys. I don't wish for a general fan-tan practice—it's positively out of my line."

"And in the future?" suggested his wife.

"My dear," he faltered, "don't speak of the future; the present is quite sufficient to face. In fact, I seem to be suddenly involved in a regular Ibsen tragedy. My legal brain feels inside out and upside down, and you must not expect me to reform in a moment. But I promise you one thing—I'll taper off. For the first time I understand Martin Luther's remorse after playing tip-cat. It's monstrous to be self-ordained as a foreign missionary all in a day. I had no idea the heathen were keeping tab on my occasional indiscretions."

He laughed as the Yellow Angel vanished behind an Oriental screen.

“The heathen in his blindness will soon be as extinct as the bad Indian,” he soberly deduced.

## CHAPTER V

### THE QUEUE OF CENTURIES

**T**HE mistress of Temple Hill crossed the lawn to a rose arbor, where her grandson took his noon-day meal. She found the Prince of the Summerhouse already bibbed and seated. His nurse was in attendance, with two graceful hounds, keenly watching for stray morsels from their little master's table. It was a pretty picture, and the grandmother joined the party with shining eyes.

"Dinner! dinner! I want my soup!" shouted the Prince. He struck the table with a spoon; for in range of his gloating vision came Sue Chang bearing a tray.

"Little man heap hungry!" the beaming Chinaman declared as he placed a small tureen of silver before the boy. To-day, in the noon-day sun the Celestial's white garments shone

spotless. Above his golden forehead a neatly coiled queue made halo; yet, withal, the heathen's expression was troubled.

The mistress of the Hill saw that Chang stood embarrassed by a grave desire.

"What is it?" she asked. "What can I do for you?"

The golden brow cleared instantly; Chang's white teeth gleamed. "I like take two three days off on business," he announced without prelude. "Jane get meals—when I come home, I bling her nice plesent." The lady's cook had not asked for an unusual privilege since his return from China some nineteen months back.

"I think I can arrange to let you go," she answered. The Celestial beamed. "All work—not play, sometime make dull," he stated with oracular directness.

"I understand." She believed enthusiastically in heathen evolution and was no longer dumbfounded when her ambitious Yellow Angel flung forth a Yankee precept. Through her mind there passed amusing episodes which made the gradual development of Chang a mat-

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ter for both ethical and family pride. Yet a lurking fear often oppressed her. When she had not the true missionary spirit at hand, she sometimes wondered if too much learning might not produce madness; at least, enlarge her model servant's head. Would the circumference of Chang's neatly-coiled queue increase to an abnormal size when he lost the picturesque traditions of pig-tailed ancestors and had even partially grasped confusing tenets of a new faith, allied to republican progress? The unsolved problem stood out afresh on this particular morning; for of late the Celestial had been proudly boasting of his association with a Chinese reform party, called "The Bow Wong Woy." All over the country, and recently in the heart of Los Angeles' Chinatown, a new, exciting movement incited heathens to strange deeds and daring opinions. Into the Southwest one Ling Chi Choo, a mogul of education and repute, had come from San Francisco to expound the gospel of reform. As a result of his eloquence and thrilling parallels run on lines of recent Japanese achievement, a large company of yellow sol-

## QUEUE OF CENTURIES 67

diers were duly enrolled for modern military instruction.

At the present time, in the heart of the Los Angeles quarter, an arduous squad perspired and evolved to the stirring commands of a young West Point lieutenant. Now each evening Celestial merchants, vegetable vendors, laundrymen and cooks from both urban and suburban establishments, drilled in serious, half-pathetic excitement. Gay flowing sleeves of the Fatherland had been suddenly ruthlessly sacrificed; lost, it almost seemed, in the gorgeous rays of the sun sinking down to far old China. Then, with a current of garish electric light, it also became plain that even long-prescribed queues of Manchu supremacy had dropped away. Instead of Celestial garments, sons of Confucius wore, half-sheepishly, misfit bargains from second-hand Jew dealers. The thought of the dull, motley, shambling Mongolian company, despoiled of queues and color, drilling each evening in the opium-stained haunts of the old quarter, appeared like a portentous tragedy to the mistress of Temple Hill.

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That the powerful influence of mysterious tongs—the great Six Companies—should at last be doomed by milder fascinations of American military tactics, seemed incredible. When these yellow sons went back to the fatherland without their queues, to lily-footed spouses and aged parents hopelessly dull to modern ways and reasoning—what would happen?

She acknowledged her ignorance.

“Do you expect to spend your vacation at San Bernardino, in the hotel where your brother does cooking?” she asked, with ingenious interest frequently employed to decoy Celestial confidence. Chang’s answer she half surmised. His countenance furrowed.

“Oh, no; I not go there. My bladder work all day—make me cook all same my own kitchen. I more better stay Los Angeles—that cheeful—not cost much. I see flens, have good time. My bladder not care have good time—just cook. My bladder heap stingy—not understand. Reform Party—heap stupid. He say he always be jus’ Chinaman, back home.”

## QUEUE OF CENTURIES 69

Chang, the proud reformer, spread his hands with enlightened disgust.

"You velly kind let me take that vacation," he went on, with the complacency of a child who has attained his point. "I jus' rest over Chinatown. Sleep lot," he acknowledged frankly. "One evening I go Our Lord's supper all same Plesbeterian church."

"And the other evenings?" she asked. "What will you do with those?"

Chang's sacrificial spirit was corrupted in an instant; carnal anticipations thrilled his voice.

"Other nights I see boys dill. Now all get new uniform all same 'Melican sogers."

The Celestial went on proudly. "Yes, many my flens go march Los Angeles' Chinatown. That Reform Party tell Chinese pitch in, learn all same Japanese. These United States show Japan 'bout war; now Japan lick Russia sure! Course that Port Larthur not stand those Japs! I bet all time those big Russia ship get sunk! Japs heap smart—learn all same this cluntry, go home tell that Emperor many things. That Emperor not

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big fool like Emperor back China; not let old aunt sit on throne, keep things hot—make all dark. Japs smarter 'bout war than Chinese. Chinese use old swords—just find out 'Melican gun. Reform Party more sense; not foolish like those Boxer. Reform Party understand gun can shoot all same with little man—all same with big man. Japs lick Chinese last time, plaps next time Chinese lick Japs. Reform Party tell us pitch in, get knowledge."

"Then you feel sure that Japan will defeat Russia?"

"Sure!" the Celestial cried with confidence born of reform. "Sure, little Japan lick that big Russia. Ling Chi Choo explain all that. He say poor Russia people not love cluntry like poor Japs. Rich Russia people heap mean over there; poor people unhappy—have no right—not care they get conquer. Russia sogers not fight like Japs—hard! same cat! same fierce dog! Japs not care they die—when cluntry lick enemy."

His illustrations were convincing; the mistress of the Hill perceived that her heathen al-

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ready understood the philosophy of refined warfare.

When next Chang spoke, she experienced a shock.

"I guess I cut off my queue," he calmly announced.

There was apparently no emotion in his voice; but the plain statement appeared to challenge millions of Celestial ghosts. The mistress of the Hill thought she saw dynasties of spooks behind the invisible veil of Time. Whitening bones and rotting grave finery colored her imagination and sent a creepy sensation along her spine.

"Cut off your queue?" she repeated in dire dismay.

"Yes, I cut him off—I think Reform Party all cut off queue; then Chinese be men! same United States. Lot my flens get 'Melican clothes," he went on. "One fellow—you know—Mis' Blown's cook? He wear heap nice store suit; cut off he queue, look all same any man."

"Mrs. Brown's cook has cut off his queue?"

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she repeated. It was difficult to fancy the loss. A Chinaman without hirsute appendage seemed even more confusing than Satan deprived of cloven hoof or a man without a country.

Chang nodded. "Yes, Mis' Blown's cook Kim Lee—cut off queue. He say he feel heap good—nice—cool—clean—not have any more that expense. He tell me cut off my queue too."

"You must not think of such a thing!" she forbade.

"Maybe I do."

"But could you go back to China?"

She wished if possible to stir Chang's natal sentiment; and the true missionary spirit was not with her. She liked the picturesque effect of a neatly coiled queue above a golden brow; the Oriental custom went with snow-white garments; she could not bear to contemplate her Celestial despoiled.

"I should think you would not care to return to your wife and family without your queue," she ventured warmly.

For an instant the dusky face of the Orien-

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tal grew troubled; then the bold stare of the reformer hardened his expression.

"I think my queue no good," he announced. "Just old pig-tail! 'Melicans say that. I think I cut him off right now. Some day I go home China—maybe I hitch him on again. I sure my wife, my fadder, my mudder, be heap disappoint'—I no want them feel bad. They not understand Reform Party, be heap dark. My wife not read, just sew, have little foot, not walk stlong, all same you. I velly solly my wife that way—but no can help. Some day I show my boy many thing. When I go back home, I tell him join Reform Party, do all same United States. Some day I make my family heap wise."

The lady shuddered at the prospect for the old folks at home. How she pitied the little wife of the lily feet! Poor little numskull, hobbling in blissful ignorance of her absent lord's awakening, how miserable would she be when at last she beheld him, despoiled of ancestral distinction—docked, so to speak, of Celestial glory!


The sympathy of an American wife wafted

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across the broad Pacific to the desolate, tiny home of the woman who could not understand. And would she ever understand, this poor little golden servant of men, who had been used to nothing but the simplest precepts of his inexorable will? Poor little Yang Mu! Would not the true God in heaven send her consolation from out the stony eyes of the only deities she had ever trusted? Not having the true orthodox spirit, the mistress of the Hill hoped devoutly that when miserable Yang Mu, in emulation of the Christian hymn, "bowed down to blocks of wood and stone," she would find comfort and cease to be frightened by the unnatural aspect of her reformed spouse. Chang's next home-coming was sure to be tragic!

But the Celestial resumed excitedly.

"Ling Chi Choo tell Chinamen" (he proudly eliminated the long-familiar term "China-boys") "Ling Chi Choo tell Chinamen all cut off queues! be same citizens these United States. Ling Chi Choo say women have long hair, not men! Yes, I go Chinatown, cut off my queue. Too much expense keep that old



pigtail nice—heap foolish—not healthy. I solly my family back China be disappoint', but no can help. I belong Reform Party. Must do that—all same my flens."

Chang walked away. His parting shot rang like a challenge to a Celestial century but scarcely born. The mistress of the Hill sank down in the summer-house, amazed. Again the unhappy plight of far-away Yang Mu stirred her heart. Natural sympathy of one woman for another showed her the bitter side of unequal domestic development. Only a short time back this same Celestial husband had boasted loudly of his wife's thrift.

"She make all my clothes!" he proudly confided, sailing away that same afternoon on his bicycle, clad in a coat of her skillful fashioning. The garment was a beautiful shade of purple, flowing and picturesque in the breeze. On another occasion Chang displayed a gorgeously embroidered belt sent by the woman as a gift to her absent lord. The needlework was exquisite, while tucked away in an ingenious secret pocket was a good-luck piece—one of the golden buttons from poor

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Yang Mu's wedding jacket. At the present time the incident returned with prophetic force. And through days following the mistress found herself strangely interested in the rising problem of the queue.

Soon she knew that tragedies were occurring each hour in the heart of Los Angeles' Chinatown. The old quarter had been seized by an epidemic. Japanese barbers—Philistines who cringed not—throve in trade, and hundreds of Celestial pigtails fell with stoical thud to the demand of the great "Bow Wong Woy." After centuries, the sleeping Flowery Kingdom was arousing. In the old quarter reform eclipsed fan-tan; the awakening of the dragon was at hand!

But while she awaited a transformed Celestial, she kept her own counsel; perhaps, after all, Chang might return unshorn. Then on Saturday night, quite late—even at the wee small hour of "jag car" supremacy—she knew by the barking of the hounds that a dreaded moment had arrived; her heathen, ruined from an æsthetic viewpoint, had come home. Aroused from a cat nap, she heard the click

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of Chang's key in the door of his little house; felt instinctively that the problem of the queue was at hand. In an adjoining room her husband, with night-hawk proclivities, was lost in his book. The wife called to him excitedly, and he came running with staring eyes and mystified entreaty.

"It's Chang!" she cried. "He's back from his vacation, back from Chinatown. Go, see what is happening. He's cut off his queue! The dogs are tearing him to pieces!"

Scarcely grasping the force of the command, the master lapsed from mediæval history into a chapter of modern economics, as he beheld from an upper balcony a transformed heathen's portentous struggle for liberty. Now, after years of devotion, the ungrateful hounds savagely refused to know their Celestial friend in atrocious store clothes. Deprived of his queue, uncertain of equilibrium, sheepish in convincing moonlight, poor Chang begged the brutes in vain for mercy. It was a pathetic apparition. The master recalled the predicament of the little old woman shorn of her petticoats; then his stentorian voice smote

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the air, as he rushed below to shame the skulking dogs. It seemed to the wife that he would never return; when he finally did so, she was quivering with suspense.

"Why do you not tell me?" she cried. "Has he really cut off his queue? How does he look in store clothes? Did he show you his severed pigtails in a poor little bundle all ready for cremation?"

She asked the questions in one breath. Under the circumstances, the deliberation of the master was exasperating.

"Did I see the severed queue? I should say not," he at length answered. "To-night the public flaunting of an ancestral appendage would be unseemly to any Celestial with a vestige of sentiment; in Chang's case the suggestion is brutal. I am astonished that you should discount his feeling. Besides, our ex-heathen is none too happy at present. I do not believe that he is quite proud of a voluntary metamorphosis. As yet he is having a tussle with the ghosts of his ancestors; the rage of the hounds, by comparison, is a trivial

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matter. In fact, the ordeal of parting with his queue is tragic. Poor fellow, he did not understand what he was getting into."

"Oh, yes, he did," the wise lady objected. "Just before he went to Los Angeles he told me exactly what he expected to do in case he should find domestic relations uncomfortable when he goes back to China. He is fully prepared for the contingencies of the fatherland. He simply intends to preserve his queue; to tack it on again, if Yang Mu makes a row."

"Fancy him packing his pigtail away with moth balls," laughed her husband, "possibly in a cast-off baking-powder canister from the ash heap!"

"Don't laugh; it is all too sad and perplexing," she reproved. "But joking aside, I fear the Yellow Angel will soon be a tradition. How ridiculous our Chang will look in American store clothes! Imagine him with a standing collar! Of course he will wear a stick-pin and a four-in-hand, and cheap finger rings. Alas! the Yellow Angel; I simply cannot believe that he will be the same perfect servant.

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Do you suppose his muffins will rise as high or his cake be as light, without the magic of a queue?"

She paused for breath.

"Where is your missionary spirit?" asked the master.

"I don't know," she acknowledged. "Of course, I want the world to progress. I want every living soul to have one big chance; but with regard to the case in question I am not at all sure of the outcome. Possibly my fears arise from a woman's standpoint, for I cannot gloat as men do over an uncertainty. The eventual problem of the yellow race—perhaps hundreds of years hence—does not work me up to-night. Now I am simply speculating about Chang, thinking of little Yang Mu. Only the tragedy of one particular queue is before me; I cannot help feeling that Celestial Samson has been shorn for sorrow—despoiled of simple elemental strength."

She stepped outside on the balcony and caught like an apostrophe to her words the dank breath of the Pacific. A fog rolling in from the coast ten miles away blurred the

moon, that, weird and uncertain, appeared to foretell a portentous drama for races beyond the sea. Listening in fancy to breakers of the night, miles of ocean waves voiced cries of awakening nations. The mystic, flowery, superstitious, far-away East seemed to supplicate the mighty civilized West; to ask for light for human kindness.

For two weeks muffins rose with the unblemished strength of a Southern California sun.

The mistress of Temple Hill had quite persuaded herself to accept her despoiled Celestial cook with the true missionary spirit of Lent. She could not, however, regard a queueless Chinaman æsthetically; time alone must decide the virtue of Chang's recent sacrifice. As yet he did not boast of a neat, defined part above his golden brow. The ruthless sway of the long prescribed razor still held; coarse black sprouts were only remote promises of a much desired crop. The moth-eaten effect at the top of the heathen's head was certainly depressing. Chang's clear-cut perspective had vanished.

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But as heretofore, his white house garments remained spotless. When he shot forth Sunday afternoons on his bicycle, clad in store clothes, a derby hat resting against his ears, the mistress of the Hill closed her eyes and was spared the elaborate details of a pink shirt, purple necktie and gaudy watch chain. She now accepted Chang's holiday costume as her chief Lenten sacrifice.

Indeed, she was beginning to feel quite like a saint, ready to crucify a too critical taste in the interest of reform, when one morning what she had most dreaded happened. Even before the embarrassed heathen finished a profuse but halting valedictory, she knew the worst—he was going to leave!

As she feared, the severed queue had worked an evil charm; her heathen was threatened with the first symptoms of American "big head." Inflamed by the "Bow Wong Woy," the reformer dreamed of wealth. She understood the situation at once.

"Surely you are not going away?" she asked with imposed calm.

"I velly solly," Chang stammered, "I velly

solly—but my bludder—my bludder—he say I come San Berdoo—make lot money—work hotel.” The lady was provokingly speechless.

Chang hesitated—then plunged on.

“My bludder—he make contract—take hotel klitchen. He say I come San Berdoo—my cousin come—all three work togedder—make big money.”

“But,” said the lady, with chilling decision, “you know absolutely nothing about business. The hotel men at San Bernardino will cheat you. Your brother, you have already told me, is stupid—not interested in new ways—knows only about his range and getting a good dinner. As sure as you risk your savings in a foolish contract, you will lose every cent that you have been putting by in the bank.” She clinched her points with an impressive frown.

For a moment Chang appeared stunned by the possibilities presented; then his expression intensified. Dogged importance thrilled his voice. He spread his hands conceitedly.

“You see—jus’ like this: I have family back China—must get money quick—all same

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'Melican man. Some day I go back my cluntry; then maybe I stay there all time. I not like that, more better live these United States. China too slow, too dark. I not care I never go back China any more—but that no can be. My fadder, my mudder, my wife, my little boy—all there. All velly poor—write every month—money! money! money! I must make those plunk fast. When I go home nex' time, I 'flaid United States not let me come back. I velly solly be treat that way. I do my best—work hard—no steal—no hurt any man; jus' send little money my old fadder, my old mudder, my wife, my son. I think Chinaman all same God's creature?" The lady assented. "Some Chinamen heap good, heap kind. I see lot bad 'Melican man, lot bad Mexican man, lot bad Nigger, lot bad Italian man, down Los Angeles; bad Chinamen too—no worse—jus' all same. All get dlunk, all flight, all get al-lest—all go to hell sure."

"But," said the bewildered lady, "I don't quite see how I can let you leave me; you have been with us so long. You had better think seriously before you give up a good place and

run the risk of losing your money in a foolish, uncertain venture."

There was no visible weakening in the Celestial's aspect.

"Yes, I understand," Chang began once more. "You velly kind—velly high tone. I like you husbland—I velly solly I go 'way. Plaps I get bust—dead bloke—I hope not. All same I think I try make money quick, 'fore I live all time back old China—not be let come these United States. P'l'aps Plesident be kind after 'while; p'l'aps he tell he cluntry let China get light all same Japan. Maybe he say let good Chinamen come these United States—work hard—spend wages all same any man. Len maybe I come back this good land—work your family once more. I hope Plesident do that way. Jesus Christ say—all be kind unto-one-a-nudder. Jesus Christ be poor he self; He know that not nice; He say every workman may take own wages—do what he like."

A theological discussion was not in line with the lady's thoughts. She frowned absently and returned to the point in question.

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"Then you have decided to leave me?"

"I velly solly; but I go try that hotel down San Berdoo. Maybe I not stay; maybe I get bust. Len I come back."

"But think how little you know of real business," she warned for the last time.

The answer came calm and dogged: "I learn."

"I the most sensiblest fellow you ever see," Chang went on; "I look out sharp. That Reform Party tell us not be scare; jus' get knowledge all same Japanese. Chinaman have good head, jus' be little 'flaid—do all way all same fadder—grandfadder—far, far back. Now Reform Party wake that Chinese nation up—say get move on—be men all same Japs. Ling Chi Choo tell us learn war; shoot gun—not let big Russia steal that Manchuria. Some day we get smart—be same United States—take no sass! China be Republic!"

She felt the futility of advice. "I am sorry that you are determined to leave me," she acknowledged frankly.

"Yes—I velly solly too. I find you 'nudder

good China boy. Maybe he come to-morrow—  
len I go.”

“I do not think that I shall employ a Chinese cook at present. I have about decided to try a girl in my kitchen,” the lady answered. “As you are anxious to get away, I can doubtless arrange to let you go very soon.” Her spunk was up, but her heart was heavy.

“Thank you,” the would-be Reformer faltered, turning slowly on his noiseless Chinese shoes. She watched him walk away, knowing full well the conflict on hand for the next few days. A similar struggle had always ensued at the rear whenever Chang contemplated a trip to China. As heretofore, the heathen was certain to leave an impressive object lesson for his successor, who would have no vital excuse for a slack career. And the last dinner! What a “swan song”! How melting to the palate it would be! yet as truly melancholy as the last public appearance of a great artist.

Her threatened bereavement stood out theatrically. The Celestial’s departure was so unlooked-for—such a shock—and at bottom

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only the natural result of an un-Christian law. The "Exclusion Act" alone was responsible for present trouble.

When the mistress of the Hill met her husband at the usual hour, she ran to meet him with flashing eyes and flaming cheeks. "Isn't it a shame," she cried, "a perfect shame! Chang's going to leave us."

"The deuce!" he ejaculated. "Who's fault is it?"

"Simply the fault of the Exclusion Act," she answered. "The Chinese Reform Party is but another name for 'the awakening of the Dragon,' and at last the patient heathen has been counseled to make hay while the sun shines."

"I see that you have the Celestial platform pat," he told her, with an exasperating interest in his fresh cigar. She wished him to be miserable like herself.

"Ideal life for this coast is over!" she wailed. "You really cannot understand—as a mere man—what Chang's departure means."

"Perhaps he may not go," he encouraged.

"Yes he will," she held out; "and I have known all along exactly what would happen. In a short time we shall be just as miserable over help in this part of the country as our friends are in the East. It isn't fair that an incompetent class who are simply dogs in the manger should be allowed to ruin the future of a great, grand State like California."

Her vehemence amused her husband.

"The present administration may see fit to modify the law. The State Department is doctoring it," he reflected. "But a premature treaty will doubtless have to be put into an incubator," he went on to explain.

"Meantime," his wife broke in, "Chang's going to San Bernardino to work in a hotel kitchen. What good will a change in the law do us, when once we have lost our cook?" Candid selfishness intensified her voice. "We simply cannot get along on the Coast without Chinamen."

"Why not write to the President and explain the situation?"

"I should like to," she agreed warmly. "I do not suppose he would ever see my letter;

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but if I might only talk with him, I feel positive that I could get in some good work."

"I dare say," said her husband. "Then, if you arranged to have His Excellency eat one of Chang's good dinners, the Exclusion Act might be readily modified."

"You need not scoff," she reproved. "I am very much in earnest over the whole matter. And if women do not understand the values of those who serve in the household, who does? You knew very well," she went on, "that all of this Reform Party business—this cutting off of queues, this greed for money, for military knowledge—is simply the direct result of the Exclusion Act. The once benighted heathen has at last waked up to the question of fair play!"

"True," said the master. "In other words, you think that missionary spirit should begin on Christian soil; that if well-meaning Celestials cannot be trusted to become 'yellow angels' on this side of the Pacific, they might naturally doubt the efficacy of virtue sent out to the Flowery Kingdom in the form of tracts and testaments?"

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"Exactly! And some day, if there is no modification of the restriction act, this Coast will find out its mistake."

"Meanwhile," he interpolated, "we are to lose old Chang; probably suffer from dyspepsia, from now on."

"Of course; in Lent, too, when one is living frugally and needs the best of cooking. I feel ill already."

"You do look pale," her husband agreed. "But when is Chang going? Possibly I might assist him to a change of heart."

"No," she answered, "you can do nothing with him; he is as stubborn as a mule. Our only hope of getting him back hangs on his losing his money. If he goes 'dead bloke' we may yet count on him."

"Poor old chuck! I could never wish him hard luck, even for selfish reasons," the master confessed with sudden feeling.

"Nor I," she owned. "Our best plan is to make his departure as memorable and impressive as possible; then if things go badly in the hotel kitchen, he may think regretfully of his home on Temple Hill."


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"You little wire puller! Of course you could work the President."

Meantime Chang pursued his relentless labors at the rear. On the eve before the hegira everything was in readiness. Loaves of sweet-smelling bread and rolls stood in rows on the pantry table; cakes and dainties awaited the powerless criticism of a new cook. All was clean and shining, from range to sink; nothing had been forgotten.

Then early next morning the mistress of the Hill saw an express wagon back up with the finality of a hearse close to her Celestial's tiny house. The Yellow Angel was flying! At last, his treasured bicycle and less impressive appointments of earlier, benighted years were piled high. The "swan song" breakfast was over; the departure at hand. Everything had been put away neatly; the doves, the hounds, the chickens fed. For the reformer, one only remaining duty was a formal brisk farewell. Now on a new horizon loomed the hotel kitchen of "San Berdoo."

"How you think I look?" Chang ventured, when at length he emerged from his little



house for the last time and stood half-sheepishly before the assembled family. The express wagon had rattled away to the depot; but on a day such as this it was not to be expected that a reformer should surmount his chattels.

"How you think I look?" he repeated, suspicious of a smiling silence.

"Tip top," said the master with an effort to deny prevailing prejudice. "You are immense—just immense!" He shook the freshly gloved hand of the passing, elaborate heathen.

"I think I look nice—all same any man," Chang acknowledged frankly.

Pride sat upon his brow, while he dexterously shuffled with one hand a cheap, dress-suit case and a slim umbrella.

"I most solly I leave this good place," he broke forth, for suddenly departure had become complicated. All at once poor Chang did not know how to get away; was uncertain as to what might be expected of a Celestial in store clothes. The pink shirt and stick-pin made him self-conscious. His rosy plot for quick riches seemed to darken, the hotel kitchen in

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San Bernardino to turn blue with potential smoke.

"I velly solly I go," he burst out. "You all be velly good to me. So nice, so high-tone. You treat me square—little fellow my good flend; Jane nice girl—not care I be China-man."

He shook in quick succession extended hands, then turned away to hide unbecoming emotion.

The family watched him trudge down the rose path. There was tragedy in his haste. Fog, banked above the crests of the mountains, seemed to betoken doubt, and Chang's stubby retreating figure no longer took on the arrogant swing of the reformer. He was leaving his home—the only one he had ever known outside of far old China.

It were best to draw a veil before the next three weeks. Suffice that the mistress of Temple Hill pronounced her Lenten season a complete failure. The batteries of Christian warfare had been silenced by perpetual temporal attacks from the rear of the house. The lady seemed to be only in communion with her

kitchen; in unwilling touch with carnal matters.

By the beginning of Holy Week she was nervously reduced to the pose of a penitent. She could control herself no longer, and at last tears flowed freely—she could not rise above her woes.

"Things might be worse," her philosophical spouse cajoled. "The family have kept well through it all. The house has not burned down. We have several tumblers and a few plates left in the china closet. Our 'Queen of the Netherlands' has had only three tantrums and two toothaches. After all, I think you might cheer up. Do stop weeping; someone might drop in."

"No one will come," she sobbed. "Have you forgotten? It's Holy Week."

"So it is," he answered.

"No wonder we should both lose track of the church calendar," she lamented. "Our Lent has been absolute purgatory."

"But think of the great penance we have both performed."

She ignored the thrust.

"I thought I should be down with a sickness at the end of the first week, after Chang left us," she went on. "I know I was called into the kitchen a thousand times. When I was not showing that unreasonable girl where things were kept, I was explaining the simplest details of existence. Then she was always tapping on my bedroom door. How did I like potatoes—mashed or cooked in cream? Did we have our steak rare or well done? Where did I keep the tea caddy? Was our coffee to be weak or strong?"

"Well," said her husband, "I can see no harm in the questions."

"Harm!" she exclaimed; "it is not a matter of ethics, simply of common sense. I suppose all family cooks the world over, with the exception of Orientals, ask for details; but who ever heard of a Chinaman boring his mistress about trifles? Why, a first-class Celestial simply finds out for himself how one likes things and where they are kept. For the first thirty-six hours in a new place he watches like a hawk—after that he understands the personal tastes of his household. I'm just tired to



*“HOW you think I look?”*



death looking after a cook's backbone; my own aches most of the time now. I suppose it sounds selfish, but I had forgotten that cooks have spines; Chang never complained of his, and I have been used to having all the neuralgia and bad feelings myself."

"A sort of vicarious arrangement," suggested the husband.

"I should not feel so distressed," she went on, "if it were not for my ruined Lent. I have indeed been a miserable sinner throughout; I have not gained a particle of spiritual benefit. Now I suppose I shall have to give up all thought of an Easter hat, and put the money on the collection plate instead. I must do something to get straight with my conscience," she sighed regretfully.

"I have been doing pretty well lately," the man acknowledged. "You had better get the bonnet."

"Perhaps I might give up something else," she agreed; then visibly brightened. "I know what I can do—dispense with our usual Easter dinner party! There is simply no use trying to have one, with this cook—she is hopeless.

It is not that she cooks so badly, but the fact that she has no head makes having company a nightmare. We shall just have to put our friends off this time; and the bishop and his wife, and the others must be told at once. It is too bad, for, as you know, we have had the same company each Easter for years—ever since the christening of the first grandson. Then perhaps you may have failed to remember my birthday is on Easter day? It seems too bad that I cannot have a party, so to speak, with a cake and candles to show that I have put away childish things.”

“Are you certain that you would not try to prove an alibi if I bought the cake and lighted all the candles?” he asked.

“Well, there will be no celebration,” she declared. “If Chang were here I should be obliged to accept the allegation. He conscientiously remembered the dates of all our birthdays; my cake would be sure to have a correct decoration.” She whirled in a revolving desk chair and sighed—almost into the mouth of the calling telephone.

“Yes,” she answered, placing the receiver

to her ear. "Who is it you wish to speak with? Oh, I see, Kim—Mrs. Brown's cook—a friend of Chang's!"

Her voice had risen to a keener pitch.

"Chang's going to leave the hotel! You don't mean it? Would I like him to come back to me? I should say so. We all told him not to go to San Bernardino—I was sure he would not be happy there."

The receiver trembled joyously. The husband heard a weird vibration of Kim Lee's voice in the current; the "chink" was struggling nobly to explain the situation. Momentary suspense was trying; then the mistress of Temple Hill again took up the theme.

"Of course we want him back. You think he is ashamed to come without an invitation? Well, I shall write to him at once. I'll send the letter over to you. You can post it to-night and he'll get it to-morrow. Thank you very much for thinking of the plan. Yes, yes—I see—as you say, it is much better for you to direct the envelope."

She laughed gleefully. "They might notice my writing at the hotel? Yes—I see—they

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might forget to give Chang the letter. Thank you again—I shall write the note at once.” She sprang from her perch in triumph.

“He’s coming back! Chang’s coming back!” she cried. “He hates the hotel, and the waiter girls make fun of his ridiculous clothes. Isn’t it grand to think that perhaps we may have a happy Easter, after all?”

Suddenly remembering the promised letter, she grew serious.

“I must write decidedly, but kindly—don’t you think so?” she asked with amusing assurance. Already she had decided upon the form of her epistle, and the man wisely withheld advice. But several days elapsed without an answer from Chang; then one evening Kim Lee announced through the telephone that the Yellow Angel had arrived in Los Angeles.

“Chang down Chinatown,” he explained. “He stay his cousin store—Hop Bow—425 Apablas Street. Better go down see him. Chang say he heap ’shamed, come back so soon. He say maybe you not want him velly bad. I think your husband better go down Chinatown, bling Chang home.” It sounded like a

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fairy tale, too good to be true. The transmitted voice of Kim Lee had become a sacred oracle. The shrine at Delphi never gave up a more important secret. The mistress of the Hill flew to the master's arms; then straightway drove him forth with the impetus of mutual purpose. Chang, the crestfallen Reformer, was coming. Half-reluctantly, half-gladly, she knew, somewhat saddened—yet—withal, considerably wiser. She saw him at last dimly defined on the rose-path; kindly darkness and his little house hid the anguish of his downfall. Presumably, he hung his elegant store clothes on long familiar pegs; then crept silently to bed. However, the bitterness of his ignominious hour is left to the imagination.

But next morning, Chang would come early to his kitchen—as usual; and the master and mistress of the Hill would hear again the sonorous call of a temple gong. Once more the heathen would awaken rich vibrations from answering metal, while their ear-drums were to be no longer tortured with profane bombardment at dawn.

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The trying interval of past weeks was over; life might move on. The mighty were fallen! Yet just how badly, the mistress took pains not to discover, when she greeted a humbled and perceptibly cast-down Reformer in the breakfast-room. She made not the slightest reference to shattered hopes or a wise return to simple life. "San Berdoo" was as effectually buried as Pompeii after the first eruption of Vesuvius. She knew that as hours passed Chang would rebound from natural humiliation. The exigencies of an approaching Easter dinner would bring him through; and once installed at work, the appealing qualities of flour and fresh eggs would conquer dejection.

She was correct. Chang was soon humming "Onward, Christian Soldiers" at the rear of the house. Very softly he sang at first—but stronger and more hopefully as time went by. On the Saturday before Easter, his favorite refrain rose to the kitchen rafters with unqualified unction. The Yellow Angel was again happy; once more in his proper element, with the best of everything at hand. His re-

bounding heart was full, and he could no longer resist a fling at the culinary department of the San Bernardino hotel.

"That old kitchen up San Berdoo heap hollid!" he declared, with a smiling survey of his present environment. "I not stay—they give me one thousand dollar! Heap dark, so hot, everything velly poor. Rotten egg, heap old flour, nothing good. I gless more better I come back this place," he went on glibly. "Those waiter girls heap mean, bad, hollid—Jane no be that way. I glad I get home plenty time make your birthday."

The mistress smiled an acknowledgment and Chang broke out afresh. "I glad that bishop—all same St. Paul—come take dinner. I like that bishop; he heap lovely, good, kind. He say my cooking best this town. This time I give him hot stuff, sure!"

The mistress of the Hill felt that the promise would be kept.

When the glad day dawned, she went to service with a free heart, knowing full well that the Yellow Angel's Easter dinner would become a tradition in the family. Still she was

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unprepared for a last important course which marked the climax of Chang's art. Only the master perceived an opportunity, while with due reverence he commanded his guests to turn to the East. For in relief to a dossel of wall tapestry, stood the Yellow Angel, bearing on high an impressive birthday cake, aglow with candles. His white garments were spotless as a priest's, and his hair now grown and trimmed with a view to perspective, made his restoration perfect. Murmurs of applause broke from the company as he came slowly forward to place his offering before the mistress with childlike pride.

Then she found fresh cause for surprise; for laboriously inscribed on the cake were sugared words. Encircled by roses, wrought with consummate art, she read aloud, "God Bless Temple Hill."

"Amen!" said the master.



## CHAPTER VI

### THE LION AND THE LAMB

**T**HE mistress of Temple Hill had supposed that Sue Chang would enjoy his midwinter outing as usual; make merry with friends, and feast on little roasted pigs browned to a rich mahogany. She was surprised when he announced his intention to remain at home during the festive season of Chinese New Year.

“What has happened?” she asked. “Why do you not celebrate?”

Sue Chang shook a queueless head; he was now an advanced heathen, each day less bound by universal customs of his fatherland. After years in the United States he thought for himself, shaping his course of action in direct opposition to senseless traditions and ways of departed, worm-eaten ancestors.

"I stay home—all same Pat," he persisted. He pointed to the Irish gardener who sat opposite at the kitchen table. The bond existing between these two was a puzzle. This evening the mistress of the Hill regarded the unusual friendship with fresh interest. Like a compromise to possible national prejudice, a platter filled with steaming rice and "praties" stood, as it were, between attacking forces. The mistress smiled. Pat Ryan and Sue Chang dining together moved her to psychological research. At first she had been alarmed over the strange intimacy; when it continued, she sought for its cause, like a wise woman. Soon all was plain. In Ireland Pat had a mother-in-law, a wife, and two children; while in far-away China dwelt Sue Chang's lily-footed spouse, his first-born son and a mother-in-law, often unduly troublesome. Domestic friction, together with mutual desolation, had riveted the peculiar bond, which seemed to strengthen with each fresh opportunity.

Then one day, when the edict from the Chinese Reform Party took off Sue Chang's queue

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and sent him forth on Sunday afternoons in ugly, ill-fitting American store clothes, the Irishman's devotion took on the form of open, easy comradeship. There was no suggestion of patronage in the Hibernian's manner as he accompanied the embarrassed Celestial down the rose walk in full view of the assembled household. The opportunity was indeed a rare one for favored observers. Pat's tawny suit of khaki, harmonizing with the blond hairiness of his pale, pinched-out visage, suggested the friendly lion in charge of a newly shorn lamb. To onlookers the millennium appeared to be at hand, the full possibility of the prophet's wildest dream realized. There was not the faintest doubt about the mild relations pertaining on the rose path. The spirit of Confucius seemed to be communing at last with that of St. Peter—with all the Popes of ages.

However, the mistress of the Hill was confounded by her Celestial's direct abjuration of heathen abominations. She smiled incredulously when he again declared that he would remain quietly at home during the lively

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season of Chinese New Year. With a woman's perversity, she tempted.

"Not going to the city to-morrow—not going to leave your pretty cards for friends in the Quarter?" she asked once more. "And the great wedding of Lee Hop Chow—I should think you would like to take part in the merry-making. The papers say the streets of Chinatown will never be gayer; three whole days of feasting and joy!"

Sue Chang shrugged his shoulders.

"Lee Hop Chow not my flend!" he denied contemptuously. "I go that ledding—not be invite; not know that sign—hand high up in air—they kill me sure. You not know that Lee Hop Chow; he all same Boxer! Papers say he big Free Mason same United States man; that just big lie. No. I not go Los Angeles this China New Year." He shook his freshly cropped head with the dogged force of the reformer. "You see—this way—I married man, all same Pat." The lady smiled questioningly. Chang went on. "Pat work hard, send every cent back home—get children educate. I like do that way, too. I think Pat

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more sensible. I be sensible myself. I not fool money go that Los Angeles. I stay home—get dinner all same any day. Back China my little son velly smart. I give him fine educate—save my plunk so he be big man; show his old cluntry many new thing—how to get move on.”

“I see,” said the mistress. Chang smiled; then his amber brow gathered anxiety.

“Plitty hard time now for poor old China. She like wake up all same Japan! then United States—go take run! keep ’way ten thousand mile! I think United States not velly good Clistian after all.”

“But, you see,” the lady excused, “the best and kindest of our land are not to blame for injustice heaped upon your nation. The Exclusion Act has been both passed and abused by politicians who are not, as we say, the voice of the people.”

“I understand,” said Chang. “I velly solly,” he went on; “I heap solly China so mad. You see this?” He held up a Chinese magazine printed in San Francisco. “You no can read so funny letters! Pat laugh, too; he say

old hen run over page. I tell him listen to me. Len I read 'bout that boycott back China—all so mad! heap clazy." Chang laughed good-naturedly. "No, I not go spend money down Los Angeles. I save up, get my little son educate, so he be big man back home. After while China get stlong; not yet can do like Japan—plitty soon China know more, not be insult."

In deference to the mistress of the house, Pat had remained standing, and mute. Chang's childlike freedom in addressing a superior surprised him. As yet Old Country bog was fresh on his boots.

As the lady turned to go, for the first time she noticed the Irishman's pinching features. The man had always impressed her as delicate; but to-night his drawn face looked out scared and ashen through a jungle of tawny hair and whiskers. Green-gray eyes implored her.

"I do be lavin' the place fur the horspital," Pat faltered hopelessly. "They do be cuttin' me up in a few days." He sank his furry head into his hands.

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“What is the matter?” the lady questioned.

“I do be twisted up inside,” he explained. “The doctors will be after givin’ me chloroform to straighten me out. And I’m not expectin’ to pull through,” he added. “But it’s only me wife and childer that I care about. You’ll say to the master when he returns home that I’ve lift fur the horspital, not expectin’ to come back. The month’s wages I won’t be takin’; let it rist with him till he hears. If the doctors should not pull me through, the thrifle of money and me watch can be sint to me wife. A man in a horspital may get along widout loose change or a timepace. There’s a praste at San Pedro, Father Duffy, what comes from me own county in Ireland; he knows me family well. In case of throuble he will write to me frinds.”

“But you will surely get through,” the mistress of the Hill encouraged. Her voice was full of sympathy.

“I doubt not but I shall die in the horspital,” Pat persisted. “Don’t be botherin’ about me,” he attempted more lightly. “Chang will carry me back wages and me watch to the praste at

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San Pedro. If I don't come back, it's grateful I am to the master and to you for a good home in a strange country."

Sue Chang grinned with new importance. "I tell Pat no be scare," he volunteered. "I say those doctor heap smart—can do all same wonder trick. I tell Pat be cheerful—get cut up quick. I say stay hospital two week, len come back all cure. I tell Pat I keep his place. All same this way"—Chang explained with graphic gestures. "I do Pat work. Heap easy!" he insisted. "I just get up little early, cut glass, water lorange trees. Two week, Pat come back all cure."

The role of good Samaritan came naturally to the Yellow Angel. The mistress of Temple Hill smiled her approval.

"Pat shall have his place as soon as he is well enough to work," she promised.

Sue Chang beamed upon his downcast friend. "You hear? Now you lite you wife addless light away; len I come hospital, see how you get along."

Pat sat erect at the table. The Celestial brought him a writing-tablet and a pencil,

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watching eagerly by his side. The Irishman made several agitated attempts to produce a legible form, then at last he tore off the sheet.

"I'm thinkin' I'll not come out," he persisted. "The chloroform may kill me as aisy as the knife. If I niver come back, you'll not forget Father Duffy at San Pedro? It is wise that I should lave the address."

He bent again over the table. His hairy, freckled hand trembled perceptibly as he handed Chang the paper.

"Now can you rade it?" he demanded. The Celestial made the attempt. "Me writin' is not of the best," Pat apologized. "I'll say the names for ye. Listen while I rade it." He coughed to hide his emotion. "'Mrs. Nora Ryan, Williams Town, By Ballymoral, County Kyle, Ireland.' I'll be a bit easier in me mind, now that me wife will hear of me death," he confided. "Here's me watch; take care of it till ye know." He turned respectfully to the mistress, who waited like one bidden to an execution. "Goodbye, lady; thank ye for much kindness. Excuse me to the master on ac-

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count of me sudden lavin'." He strode from the kitchen with Chang close at his heels.

"I go catch 'lect'ic car; carry Pat's dless-suit case," the yellow Samaritan explained. "I let dinner dishes stand—wash 'em up when I come back."

Later the mistress of Temple Hill heard a gentle clatter of china, attuned to the rising strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." Imperturbable Chang had returned to the common routine of life. To all appearances Pat's impending tragedy was forgotten. Yet such was in no wise the case, as following weeks proved; for early and late the yellow Samaritan strove for his unfortunate brother. Neither trees nor flowers thirsted during the Irish gardener's absence. The hum of the lawn-mower evoked sunrise responses from awakening birds. Then one morning Chang came to the mistress of the Hill with a hand full of mail.

"Po'tman heap good!" he exulted. "You get five letter. Poor Pat get one too; len I clatch plackage from China!" His kind face glowed. "Pat get along great down hospital

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—'most cure now. I take Pat his letter—len he will be all well."

He went off quickly, but in a few moments returned radiant.

"I get picture from China! See my family—my little boy!" He now beheld an actual portrait of his first-born; for in dreams alone had he seen the baby of years back.

"I think my little son heap lovely!" he exulted; "more plitty lan my two blothers' boys."

The mistress of the Hill took the picture. Photography in China was surely advancing. The pathos of the attempted family grouping moved her strangely. Before a fantastic background, presumably a heathen temple, sat the central figures, two very old people, the taller one encircling with his arm a grandson,—Sue Chang's little boy. Further back stood the Celestial's two married brothers, while flanking the wings of the pictorial landscape were their sons. The boys in question looked embarrassed and frightened out of their wits.

"I think my boy heap nicer," Chang decided. "My two blothers' sons so mad! See

that fellow how he look—my son heap smile!”

The lady pointed to the central figures with questioning interest. “The one holding your little boy is your father? Who, then is the elderly man next?”

Sue Chang’s face broadened into a smile. “That no man; that my mudder!” he explained. “You think she have funny cloes? She not dless up much. I wish she put on fine thing—not have that old cheap fan!”

The aged Chinese woman had hoped to honor her absent son by holding a five-cent American palm-leaf fan. Chang resented the commonplace attempt.

“Poor old fadder—poor old mudder—both must soon die!” he lamented.

“But where is your wife?” the lady pressed. Chang shook his head.

“My wife—my bludder’s wife—not take picture; they too scare! Young China loomans velly flaid; not like ’Merican loomans. China loomans not like show off.”

He wrapped the photograph tenderly in its foreign cover.

“I go hospital this afternoon—let Pat see

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my family; take his letter. Pat 'most cure now. I think his letter make him all well. Plaps he get good luck like me—heer his mother-in-law be dead.”

He moved gaily to his work. The mistress of the Hill heard him calling the doves, saw them flash across the sky after their breakfast. The gentle trickling of a hose assured her that rose-bushes were not suffering during her gardener's absence. Then she went from home for the day. But later, when she returned, she saw in Sue Chang's elate countenance the full report of Pat Ryan's recovery. She was not surprised to learn that the Irishman was seated as usual before a platter of rice and “praties.” He rose respectfully when she entered the kitchen. His composure was significant, the change in his countenance marked. The leonine personality was again strong, for his tawny mane and whiskers had both been wisely pruned. Hope shone once more in the gray-green eyes. Sue Chang, the yellow Samaritan, glowed by the side of his restored friend.

“I say all time Pat get cure,” he exclaimed,

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gleefully. "I say those doctor heap smart—cut up people, all same easy; sew up again—all same turkey. Heap fine stuffin'!" He laughed at his realistic joke.

"I like that hospital," he went on. "Every time I go there, see Pat, all velly clean—heap nice loomans velly kind—good, all same angel. I say plare every day so Pat get cure. Now that good luck come sure! Pat 'most well, soon can work all same me—earn wages—send money back home. Len some day Pat go Ireland, I go China—see our sons, give those boys good educate—all same United States boy. Bible say, more better be wise like snake, good like pigeon. You see? Mission teacher tell me that. Now I understand. I make my son that way."

He dashed forward to the range just in time to suppress the uprising of stock in a soup-kettle. His golden brow furrowed deeply, while for the time being grave problems were lost in steam.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM

**I**N the Valley of the Angels "Old Baldy's" white head substantiates legend, insures the life of Santa Claus. If it were not for the great peak's snowy crest and glittering sides, California children might doubt an oft-repeated tale. But the story of many lands holds true, when shortly before Christmas, the mountain puts on a blanket of cut crystal. Then little ones clap sun-browned hands and shout, "Santa Claus is coming!" At last the bulging sledge, the prancing reindeer, are realities, just ready to slide over the range, down into blooming gardens dressed with fir-trees.

Temple Hill was alive to approaching Christmas joy; for this year the grandchildren had come early, two full weeks before the promised day. Meantime, preliminary cele-

bration was taking on a spirit somewhat akin to the Fourth of July. On the terrace Sue Chang shot Chinese firecrackers and flew Celestial kites for the entertainment of Fraulein and her charges—three baby boys from the wintry East. From a point of vantage the Mistress of the Hill kept strenuous watch above her grandsons. Mingling with shouts of glee were frequent exclamations in German, while close to the scene of action Pat Ryan, the Irish gardener, passed bland remarks on Chinese art.

Suddenly Sue Chang exulted. Three charming bird kites—one red, the other two yellow—had vaulted safely into cloudless blue.

“Now little men fly him all light,” the Celestial proclaimed. He placed a ball of twine in each extended, chubby hand.

“Must hold tight,” he commanded. “Plitty soon let out more stling, so bird fly high! high! high! all same pigeon.” He laughed good-naturedly, then fled before the exigencies of approaching luncheon.

The grandmother came upon the terrace to assist in kite-lifting. If her object appeared

less scientific than Franklin's, it was equally engaging. In truth, the shouts of grandsons send electric thrills throughout the universe. The grandmother did not need a flash of forked lightning to complete her circuit. Higher and higher soared the kites. A great black vulture, marking red and yellow prey, swooped down, sailed forward, then lifted to a higher zone. The boys forgot their paper birds in ecstasy of wonder, until the grandmother and Fraulein both caught valiantly at rolling balls of twine.

"Plitty big fool—that vulture; think Chinese kite make dinner!" cried Sue Chang. He was back upon the terrace. "I bling invitation," he explained, presenting with pride a large white envelope. "Heap style, all same you daughter ledding card." His golden brow shone. "This year boys spend lot money, not let that M. E. Mission get ahead." The mistress of the Hill smiled acknowledgment. "Last year," Chang went on, "M. E. boys make heap big time, get invitations all plint—do much more lan Plesbyterian boys. Now we beat those M. E. boys, sure."

The lady nodded, then read on a thick conventional sheet the polite summons to appear, with her family, at the Presbyterian Chinese Mission on the evening of December the twenty-third.

"Ploglam followed by fine refreshments!" Sue Chang exulted. "Boys have Clistmas early—head time, so not too much work at home. You come?" He waited her reply with anxiety. "I hope you all come," he entreated, half skeptical of the honor craved.

"We shall certainly accept the invitation," she assured him.

"Len I most happy," Chang owned, with downcast eyes. "I like my family all be plesent, claus I make speech."

His eyes lifted, while a ruddy flush mounted to his golden brow. The spirit of oratory had awakened Celestial ego; and for the first time in his life Sue Chang was smitten with vain-glory.

"I say my speech lovely," he went on with shameless confidence. "Teacher say my speech more better lan any udder boy. I make

my speech up myself—all out my own head!”

A shadow passed over the face of the Mistress, but with commendable resolve she smiled. Could it be possible that original composition might yet interfere with her cook's savory efforts of years back? Would Sue Chang's concoctions of oratory mix with material salads? She reasoned from the inner soul, painfully aware of inadequacy, for she had never been able to rule with success her own conflicting domestic and literary passions. When she occasionally visited a woman's club, she felt her limitations keenly. There she was told that talent rose from soapsuds, as sparkling as Venus from the sea. One poetess had fished up a lyric with her dishcloth. The Mistress of the Hill was not gifted enough for such brave endeavor; and she mistrusted the effect of oratory upon roasts and entremets.

Sue Chang still waited, yet another request trembling on his lips.

“What is it?” she asked. “What can I do for the Mission boys?”

“One layer cake—six dozen lady-flinger—

few sugar kliss—one basket loranges,” he enumerated. “Certainly,” the lady answered; “I am delighted to contribute.”

“Thank you. You always so kind. Boys say my people velly high tone,” Chang declared by way of compliment. “I gless I bake cocoanut cake, cover over jus’ like snow—all same Clistmas!” He chuckled like a child. Then his countenance intensified. “After all, I heap scare,” he owned with new importance.

“Nonsense!” said the Mistress. “You never fail with cake; why should you be alarmed now?”

Scorn ruffled the Celestial’s amber forehead.

“I not scare ’bout my cake. I bake best cake this town. Cocoanut cake, lady-flinger jus’ easy—no tlick make those! I scare ’bout my speech; I flaid I get cold feet, not say ’bout those Bethlehem star like teacher tell me.”

“Oh, I see.” She dared not smile.

“Jus’ this way,” Chang went on with an eloquent motion. “My fiend Gam learn his piece in book. Maybe he forget, len teacher start him up. I not do that way, can not be start

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up—must think all time, inside my head. I ploud you come hear me make speech. I sing, too,” he blandly continued. “Four boys sing three time, all togedder. That not velly hard. One song heap lovely, ’most like my speech, all ’bout that star—those shepherd watching flock, len glory shine aloud!”

“I know the hymn,” said the Mistress.

She turned her attention once more to the kites, and Sue Chang moved away. Still through days preceding a promised event he reported progress, while in no instance did the study of oratory and song interfere with the family digestion. There were no blunders in seasoning, no charred results to mark the course of a Celestial dream.

On the morning of the great event the Mistress of the Hill tried in vain to curtail the duties of her cook. But Sue Chang’s preparations for the Mission spread had been completed the night before; he was calm before an impending role. Doubtless the perfection of his cake gave him fresh confidence in regard to his speech.

“I get my dlinner half-hour early—that all

difference," he insisted; then—with rising concern. "Maybe you let Pat take lunabout, dlive me down Mission? I take my refleshments, help boys decolate. We make all heap lovely for visitor. I go after lunch, not stay velly long." He beamed over the prospect. "Everybody so kind this good Clistmas time—all because that star." The theme still held him.

"You see my hair? Pat give that slick cut—save me two bit. I glad I not have my queue now I make speech." The acknowledgment welled from the heart; the spirit of progress was with him. Not, however, until evening did the Mistress realize the full import of Chang's new role. For one night he was to play both host and orator.

She arrived at the Mission, to find everything correct and impressive. Flowers with electric light swinging in handsome colored lanterns made gala background for a tall Christmas tree, dressed in Chinese taste, and fairly bending beneath its burden of gifts. The picturesque charm of former celebrations

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was perhaps missing; for this year gay flowing sleeves no longer belonged to queueless Chinamen who ushered at the door and passed programmes to guests with elaborate bows. Yet if American "store clothes" fell short of grace and color, there was now for the budding heathen a new brightness, a rising glow of intelligence lifting him from ages of superstition. Natural characteristics of the great race—true politeness, gentleness, and loyalty—remained unchanged. If æstheticism suffered, ethics flourished.


As the Mistress of Temple Hill gazed over a packed audience she found herself smiling. The elite of the town were assembled in force—not only those employing Celestial cooks, but a number of winter visitors from small adjacent hotels where "yellow angels" held culinary sway. Every one had come for a merry time, curious, yet outwardly respectful of an occasion all too serious for poor Sue Chang. For Chang had met the Temple Hill household with a wan, pathetic smile. The possibility of "cold feet" was now with him.

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Still, as he moved up and down the aisle with programmes, active service seemed to relieve the strain of coming events.

When the exercises actually began, he gathered ease from an outlet of song. "Pull for the Shore, Sailor" and "When Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night," both went off with melodious effect. The quartet—loudly applauded each time—became almost *blasé*. To appearances the Yellow Angel was himself again.

Then Kim Lee, president of the evening, called his name: Chang's speech was due. The next moments were tragic, not only for the orator, but for the family of Temple Hill. Would he never begin? Was "The Star of Bethlehem" to be produced in pantomime? The Mistress clasped her hands, and toyed anxiously with a lorgnette. Her Celestial's elaborate bow had brought her confidence; now, alas! he seemed as one struck dumb. Greenish pallor spread over the amber of his cheeks. But he was bowing again; for on the outskirts of a seated throng up rose Pat Ryan.



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The "lion's" tawny head shone above a barricade of women's hats. Suddenly his hairy fist shot out menacingly. Sue Chang caught the signal and smiled pathetically. The fist swung forward, almost hitting a bulwark of plumes and chiffon. Pat's countenance strained in every visible line; his whiskers bristled with unconditional rage. The gray-green eyes shot yellow darts at Sue Chang, electrified him—at last brought him back to life. Picture hats went down before the mirth of shaking society girls, yet the Irishman held the field.

And now at last "The Star of Bethlehem" was rising, shining in the East. The wise men came seeking the Holy Child. Sue Chang had caught his theme, was going forward with the simple story.

From the rear of a smiling audience the Irishman encouraged—made plain his disgust whenever the orator drew halting reflections from the Star. Confidence, enjoined by closing efforts, seemed to restore Chang's golden hue. The Mistress now hoped that the crisis

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had passed. Forgetful of all but his hopes for the awakening Chinese Nation, the Celestial plunged on, grew eloquent.

"That Star of Beth-le-hem shine many, many year," he declared without a quaver. "Everyone look up, be glad, have happy time claus that blight Star! Plitty soon all people see that Star, be good—be kind unto one anudder—do no great sin. Now—now—the light—" He stalled hopelessly. Pallor overspread his dark face; he was lost.

"The loight is breaking," prompted Pat, above intervening hats. He had attended frequent rehearsals—knew the cue; Sue Chang must be saved at any personal cost. "The loight is breaking!" This time the lion roared.

A wilting orator repeated the eloquent assumption. "The light is blaking," Chang went on, then gathered strength for a successful climax. "The light is blaking! over the sea—that Star—that Bethlehem Star—shine for old China!" A modest bow completed the ordeal; the speech was finished.

"Thank Heaven!" said the masculine repre-

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sentative of Temple Hill. The Celestial's struggle involved family pride; until now the master had not understood vicarious oratory.

Sue Chang's golden countenance relaxed amid rounds of applause. Smiles hid at the corners of his eyes as he vainly sought for Pat Ryan. The Irishman had dropped below the horizon of picture hats, doubtless relieved that his own heavy part was over.

But later, when the programme terminated with an address by Pastor Gow, a visiting celebrity from Los Angeles, the lion's tawny mane again lent character to the outlying circle. When Sue Chang brought a handsome embroidered silk handkerchief from the Christmas tree and pressed it feelingly upon his shrinking friend a number of guests marked the pantomime. All expression had vanished from Pat's pale countenance. His tawny hairy visage seemed devoid of emotion. His small green eyes had retreated, as it were, under cover of bushy yellow brows. Only the droll corners of the man's mouth evinced his satisfaction. Pat was tame as a happy lion duly fed. Still he

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would not budge from his outlying position. The lair of picture hats yet sheltered him. While Sue Chang served him to Christmas sweets, the Mistress of the Hill turned her attention to the resplendent tree. For now every one invited was being remembered in some delicate way. Charming gifts for "teacher," and others equally favored, filled her with amazement. When Kim Lee, master of ceremonies, at length announced her name, she was strangely moved to receive a large bright box. Significant decorations on the rose-twined lid led her to look for a prize, and she was not disappointed. Under layers of soft rice-paper she found an exquisite tea-cloth, richly embroidered with the symbolic dragon. Her Celestial's red card lay on top. Laboriously inscribed was his loyal greeting to Temple Hill; then, as climax to a long career—"Fifteenth annual, from Sue Chang."

Every moment the Christmas tree dispensed a tasteful gift, when each proud servant honored his own household.

Then finally, the best Chinese cooks in California vied before guests with delicacies,

daintily served, in accordance with strict inculcated forms. On this night Celestial etiquette shone supreme, unconsciously reflecting both the teaching and artifice of many town establishments. An amusing biograph appeared to pass before the eyes of the Temple Hill Mistress, who thought she detected company manners of friends in the now duly adapted convention of their "yellow angels."

When Sue Chang bowed before her with plate and napkin, she hastened to congratulate him upon his speech. But he had been too ambitious to feel satisfied with a laborious, halting effort. He smiled wanly, and shook his head.

"I know I not do good—forget all time—not say half!" he owned, dejectedly.

Yet it was not until next morning upon the terrace, that he unburdened his soul. When he again sent up bird kites for grandsons—still waiting for Santa Claus—he turned wistfully to the happy Grandmother. His humility was touching.

"I gless I not tly make speech any more," he declared. "I solly I get cold feet, but can-

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not help. My head so stupid. I forget everything! Len I see Pat. Pat so mad, make fist all same fight me. Plitty soon I remember—get that start—get move on. Len I do my best. But I not be educate, cannot say speech velly good—same Pastor Gow. Maybe some day my little son be educate, make lovely speech, not get cold feet same he fadder. I gless I jus' be cook—make good cake, not tly that speech any more." He finished with a feeble smile: then went to his kitchen to perform his vow.

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE COAT OF MANY COLORS


**L**ITTLE Ning Moon looked upon the Spring with joy. The Winter had been cold and long; now the door of her home stood wide open. There were no windows in the tiny green brick dwelling and during dark, wet months, light sifted only through a transparent hole in the roof.

Ning Moon—Mrs. Sue Chang—laughed gleefully as she squatted upon a mat with her embroidery. Sunshine flooded the room, warming even remote corners reserved for sleeping. Ning Moon glanced across an earthen floor to a cosy bunk prepared for her first-born son. The boy was not yet awake. His mother believed that rest brought strength and beauty to little ones. She had moved softly, all morning, fearing to disturb her “Son of Heaven,” who must grow like a

flower of Spring—astonish his honourable father, coming at the end of two months from far-away America—from the south province of California.

Five long years had dragged between Sue Chang's last home-coming and the present time. The little Chinese wife plied her needle with conflicting emotions. Beautiful shades of heavy silk floss wove in and out—formed into leaf or blossom of exquisite grace and composition. Ning Moon worked feverishly. Almost the last stitches were taken; if the child slept, the coat of many colors would be finished! She dashed a long rosy thread into the needle; soon an opening bud blushed soft and tender in her dexterous fingers. The little coat was done! Ning Moon held it up at arm's length, then craned her firm brown throat in final judgment. The dark, smooth head bent critically; lifted reassured, satisfied.

Ning Moon's black eyes snapped. How beautiful her son would appear in the silken, holiday coat. Blue in body, like Heavenly azure, redolent with colors, caught from Spring, the dainty garment bloomed in her



gentle grasp. There was also a little embroidered cap to match.

Now very soon, after two more moons—after five long years—she would dress her boy in his princely apparel; lead him to the river, there to await his honourable father's homecoming. Some morning the old junk boat would bring Sue Chang to his native village. Safe, rich, eager for one whole year of rest and joy, the traveler would espy his wife and son, both standing on the bank of the dividing stream.

The mental picture pleased faithful Ning Moon; then suddenly her golden brow became tarnished with doubt. For, after all, what manner of man was Sue Chang now returning? Half saddened, the Chinese spouse hung the little coat of many colors upon a peg. Spring sunbeams crept through the door to play amongst silken rosebuds. Ning Moon walked slowly to a chest in the corner, from which she took a bundle of letters and kodak pictures, sent by her husband across the sea.


United States postmarks on the envelopes, each one now worn with devoted handling,

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the young wife opened the uppermost missive. The paper inside was no longer cherry red. The absent, advanced Celestial had risen superior to an ancient love token while he yet brushed fantastic, wriggling characters to Ning Moon. Now, alas! Sue Chang used dull brown to convey devotion, this being the conservative tone of the "Chinese Reform Party" of the far-away province of California. Little Ning Moon sighed. Did her lord intend to put slight upon her? She was sure that he meant no indignity; for here were kind, affectionate words. She dropped her lashes and read.

"In two months I behold my sacred family! After five years I return glad in my heart. No woman steals my eyes—I have them only for Ning Moon! for our first born—our 'Son of Heaven!' " She paused, smiling, then went on, with gathering mistrust.

"But no longer do I pray to Idols. China—my country, too slow—too dark. United States feel contempt. You not understand? I tell you some day how white people despise



old foolish nation. United States say Chinese look all same monkey. I feel that shame long time; then 'Reform Party' tell us cut off queue; dress like 'Merican man—not like women—long hair—those old garment! Now I feel happy! I send picture so you see. You look that middle man, you find you husband—all same Plesident 'Young Men's Mission Club.'

"I hope you like that new suit—dark brown—cost eighteen dollar fifty cents. Pretty much expensive; yet must have. Those two little boys so cute—so smart—belong 'Young Men's Club'—say piece—sing many songs. They fadder—Pastor Gow—bling sons so ploud! all get picture take. When I come home I tell my boy 'bout Pastor Gow two little sons. I teach my first born English—all same that California State First Reader."


Poor Ning Moon sighed, not rejoicing in the picture of her transformed spouse. She thought him plain, ungraceful, in the ugly suit with a white halter gripping his throat. To the Oriental wife, Sue Chang appeared sadly

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uncomfortable. His cropped, thickly grown hair, parted almost in the middle, had ruined Mongolian distinction.

In an elemental way poor Ning Moon wondered if much learning—discernment to interpret intricate passages from the California State First Reader—could have produced the severe squint between her husband's honourable eyes. She hid a golden, ignorant young countenance in slim brown hands; then stamped unbound feet, released by her absent lord's command. Quite true, she hobbled more freely; yet to the child wife, duly espoused for tiny shoes and high-class beauty, there came a rush of bitterness. After five years, she half dreaded to see enlightened Sue Chang.

Again she studied the group at "The Young Men's Mission Club." Erudite personalities utterly bewildered her. This grave First Reader which Sue Chang expounded! Was it more exalted, even more difficult than the teachings of Confucius? And the little sons of the Missionary priest? Why must she regard them except with scorn? In dark, tight-



fitting clothes—evidently modeled after disciples of the hateful Reform Party—the Chinese manikins were entirely outclassed by her own gorgeous boy. Heavy fear came upon Ning Moon's sorrowing soul. She glanced through angry tears at the little coat of many colors, hanging on the peg. Sunbeams still kissed richly wrought roses. With passion Ning Moon could not explain, she pressed an amber cheek against the padded softness of her finished work. Labor seemed vain. Sue Chang would no longer rejoice in the beautiful, bright garments prepared for his son. Now, he would forever point to the images of tiny men who resembled brown grasshoppers—ugly black beetles—snails uncoiled.


The call of her first-born sent her weeping to the Celestial bunk. She took the child up, stifling her own sobs. His round, moist face lifted like a golden poppy awakened by the sun. The mothers' heart softened. She washed and dressed the boy with defiant pride; then watched him eat his breakfast of rice and pork. When he was satisfied—beginning to pound with chop-sticks in unmannerly fash-

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ion—she led him to the open door for a bask in sunshine. The little coat of blue—of roses, still hung on the peg. Ning Moon took it down, folded it gently, pressed it ecstatically; then locked it away in the chest with her husband's brown letters and the kodak pictures of the Young Men's Chinese Mission Club.

All day Sue Chang's wife brooded. Fortunately at early evening, just before she shut and bolted the door to the little green brick house, she saw the new crescent of the moon. Instantly she felt nothing save desperate longing; a tugging of her woman's heathen soul. She would think no more of her husband's strange belief; of his "White Devil" garments; of the profane First Reader. It seemed enough that a new moon promised to full, to wane, to shine again for the last long month before the coming of Sue Chang.

Ning Moon went to bed and slept soundly by the side of her boy. Through weeks following, she took no thought of the little coat of many colors, hidden in the chest. Spring had taken hold of the Southern Province. The wife of Sue Chang worked in a small garden



with a view to young vegetables. Tender green shoots brightened the brown earth. Her husband should live fat! She cleaned and recleaned her tiny home. Everything shone. When she had nothing else to do, she visited, with her son, from house, to house, always extolling her spouse. Of nineteen families, comprising the village, all were "Sue," of equal caste and industry.

The clan lived apart, two miles from a market town, in surprising harmony. Sue Chang's old parents—exulting over "inside grandchildren"—brothers-in-law with wives, cousins galore, all kept tab on pretty Ning Moon. She was above reproach. Even a mother-in-law found no story for the absent son and husband. Every relative in the village looked forward to the great traveler's return; and at last the time grew short. A second moon hung crescent; then full. But two weeks stood between Mrs. Sue and a year of bliss.

The happy wife expected no more brown letters. Now her man would come! She had almost ceased to remember Pastor Gow's

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manikins, when to her complete undoing, she one day received a photograph, emphasizing beyond a doubt, the American store-clothes of promising disciples and little sons of the California Chinese Mission. Anguish returned to Ning Moon's heart. She struggled piteously against the new picture. Sue Chang had been cruel! She would not interpret his wish. The men on the card were evil! She worked harder than ever in the garden, watering, at evening, tender rows of shooting green; next morning prodding the earth with rage and vicious energy.

Then, one day she threw aside a primeval hoe, fastened tight the door, and stole away to the market town, with only her son for company. No spying relative saw Sue Chang's wife depart. The tightly-closed house indicated simply an afternoon nap. But carefully folded, in layers of rice paper, Ning Moon had wrapped the little coat of many colors. The boy by her side prattled gleefully. His mother's soul was dark. She felt no delight in the bright May day, already wooing a kiss from June. Soft hills, the river—flowing as


silver—brought Ning Moon no joy. Red tiled roofs on tiny green brick houses marked her path. She took slight note of wayside beauty. When Sue Chang's heir grew tired and cried, she dragged him the last half mile in anger, hobbling forward herself with strange rebellion.

Once at the market town, she arranged a quick, unequal, disastrous exchange; then trudged back home, still urging her sleepy son; alas! without his coat of many colors. Instead of the beautiful, gay, little garment, the mother carried a measurement of ugly dark brown cloth. Next day and for others following, Ning Moon kept her house. Relatives standing before the door, waited for Sue Chang's wife to open a slow, unwilling portal. Mischief seemed brewing within! Yet always, there was the boy—always half undressed—generally wailing! And Ning Moon had lost her smile. Mystery hung for gossips, until one morning, the day on which the traveler from America was expected home—all became plain. In the Summer dew, Ning Moon, with her son, watched the slow approach

of the old junk on the river. Nearer, nearer it came. Half naked yellow men jumped into the water, pulled, yelled like demons. The landing was made.

Then Sue Chang, conventional, strange; without his queue; surmounted by Derby hat; oppressed with suit case and a carefully rolled umbrella, leaped from the boat, gazing anxiously about for his young wife and a fat little boy in gorgeous raiment. In the crowd on the shore he saw Ning Moon. She tarried apart, shame-faced, holding by the hand her son. Sue Chang, the returned Celestial, scarce believed his eyes. No bright trousers, no flaming over-dress adorned the chubby body of his heir. The Chinese child stood out a manikin—a perfect counterpart of Pastor Gow's young sons. Ning Moon read approval in her husband's eager face. Her hour of triumph had arrived! She pressed proudly forward with her boy, while the curious, gaping crowd fell back.

For the "House of Sue"—the nineteen families assembled by the river—there was at last a sensation.



## CHAPTER IX

### HIS DREAM OF THE REPUBLIC

**S**UE CHANG—our Yellow Angel—was growing old: years had slipped away. We no longer spoke of him lightly—as a China-boy. That first day when he sat under Temple Hill pepper trees, shelling peas, still marked the humble beginning for a quarter of a century's service; yet, withal, time had dealt with him in a marvelous manner. He was strong and confident; no longer confounded by difficult steps of Christian warfare. Occidental ideals had hastened Celestial evolution, but had not ruined his cooking. As a family, we could hardly contemplate life without the Yellow Angel. For Sue Chang had gradually become a personality outside of his kitchen. We felt him to be the noble exponent of his ancient race. The destiny of old China now

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moved his soul and stimulated his ambition with dreams of liberty. He no longer hailed from a country of tyranny and ignominious queues. The Manchu Dynasty had fallen; the dragon at last was slain. Suddenly Chang's countrymen, frightened like children after a long sleep, called to him from afar. In view of conditions enjoined by the New Republic, every celestial working for gain in the United States contemplated a voyage across the Pacific. Simple tasks in a wayfaring land grew to be irksome, while "Home Sweet Home" and "My Country 'Tis of Thee" became favorite songs at the Mission, where interest in civil government at last threatened to displace elemental theology. The flesh-pots of Cathay—almost forgotten—were again remembered. Longing for home and family stirred the alien's breast. He felt like an independent being,—a man. Suddenly unjust mortifying treatment dealt out to him by uncouth government officials seemed to harden his heart to the United States. "The Land of the Free" was not for him, and he no longer acknowledged a paradox which humbled him. He longed to

return to the old world; to a republic of his own making.

So it came to pass that on Temple Hill there was consternation and sorrow; for Sue Chang was going back to China; going back to stay. At last the Yellow Angel was to be counted a faithful factor among millions of countrymen struggling for light and freedom. The situation was grave on every side.

"What shall we do?" the mistress of the Hill implored.

"The dickens! I don't know," the master acknowledged.

His inelegant rejoinder brought a frown to the wife's brow, while with furtive effort to erase the etching of time she pressed a finger between her eyes. Sue Chang had kept that wrinkle faint with his years of willing service. The poor mistress could not yet face conditions which threatened her long established personal freedom. Domestic lethargy, following Chang's return to America after his last visit to China, had continued five years. During all that time Celestial magic "made the wheels go 'round" without the usual grind of daily

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effort, and, as never before, the lady rebelled within herself. She had shirked her kitchen so long that, to-day, she refused to anticipate an aftermath of domestic opportunity. She was very low in spirit.


"I just couldn't believe in our possible loss," she said at last. "I wished to be blind to Chang's eventual departure. And now the thing we dreaded has happened."

"You are not progressive," her husband answered.

"I am not," she acknowledged, "at least in regard to Chang's wild dream. The peace of Temple Hill will be lost when he goes and, besides, he will starve in China without his round monthly wages."

"How mercenary!" the master jested.

She ignored his remark. "I felt after Chang's last visit to China that he was very much changed," she confessed. "I would not own to what I really thought; but I know now that our Yellow Angel moulted during that year only to grow fresh wings for an uncertain flight. Do you not remember that he hinted



for increased wages? Almost at once—just after he fed the pigeons and had taken stock of hens in the corral.” She laughed at the irresistible picture.

“He seemed just like any poor, overstrained family-man bowed down with responsibility. He wanted extra wages, yet was afraid to ask for anything until he had made clear the new conditions of his awakened country. ‘Velly much more expense—back China,’ he announced dejectedly—quite like a feeler—watching to see the effect of his words. Then, too,” she went on, “as usual, his wife was becoming like other women; learning how to demand more and more each day. Poor old Chang had my sympathy at once. He explained with pride that his son’s education was costing seventy dollars a year, whereas the boy formerly received instruction for a thousand pennies—the equivalent of a dollar in United States coin. The promising young son of Heaven now attended a boarding-school which, in time, would doubtless fit him for a place in the forthcoming Chinese Republic.


Dreams! Dreams! How could our poor Yellow Angel have grown so bold in one short year?"

"Why not?" the master ventured.

"Alas! Chang's son of Heaven was born too soon," she answered with a frown. "If the Chinese Republic lives to escape the greed of attacking Powers, it will take a century, at least, to evolve statesmen from the Coolie caste."

"Poor Chinks! from chop-sticks to the administrative gavel will make an interesting story," her husband declared.

"Yes," she agreed, "and Chang will never know the real ending, unless it is a sad one coming all too soon. However, he is like all reformers—blind to possible failure. His faith in the new Republic is beautiful. He feels like a free-born man. I shall never forget his almost imperceptible challenge when he last arrived from China, after his second-class voyage aboard the ocean-liner. You see, it was a first experience above the very depths of the ship; yet, because of earlier abasement, he held steerage passengers in contempt. I



remember he announced that he had crossed with great comfort; and, as you know, his oil-cloth traveling suit had become a joke of the past." She smiled at a mental picture.

"While his advent was reassuring, there was withal a dire threat in his new bearing," she confessed. "It was plain to us both that evolution marked the Yellow Angel's year of absence from Temple Hill. He did not seem to be the same beaming Chang of old. At the time I felt all that I have been telling you, although I did not quite understand the influence of the Chinese Reform Party, which was secretly preparing alien sons for the birth of the Republic. Chang had even then begun to be cross with the inhuman policy of the United States. He felt the unjust discrimination between the Japanese and his own more timid race as he sadly related his troubles.

" 'You see,' he deplored, 'I just poor Chinaman! I sure my wife—my son—never be let come this country. United States not fair to China!' Then he told again of official complications for his countrymen. At last there was defiance in his voice. 'Those Japs sneak

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women in all time,' he bitterly complained. 'Sixty Jap women get in last week. Good Chinaman can not bring he wife—he little son. Good Chinaman not be much better than dog. What we stay these United States for? We not citizen! Jus' poor Chinaman. One night I see fire! House blaze up terrible. I tell those people; work hard myself—help save furniture. No one thank me. All those years I stay United States, I do no harm. I like any man—but cannot be citizen.' " The Yellow Angel's complaint fell naturally from her lips.

"Poor old Chang was almost surly for the first time in his life," she went on, as she raised the lid of her desk and took out a letter. She held it with retrospective pleasure while she again strove to round out her Celestial's simple story. "A good Chinaman is like a good child," she declared, "only naughty when he is treated unfairly. Chang forgot his anger just as soon as I expressed sympathy, and later I heard him calling to the pigeons. Nature always seems to come to his rescue



when the combined insults of men threaten to make him hard."

She opened the yellow envelope. "Listen," she commanded. "I am going to read Chang's epistle to Temple Hill; the one he wrote from China—five years ago. Listen: then doubt if you can our Yellow Angel's wings. Surely his place in the new Republic—among the 'sons of the morning'—is assured." She spread out the characteristic letter, indited with great pains on ruled lines of cheap American writing-paper.

"To those kind friend your Grace—all same that Temple Hill—I now must address those glad word from China.

"I be home most six month. This summer velly hot—better now. I think about that Temple Hill velly much. My wife my son all well—happy I come. I tell all about United State—that nice Temple Hill. My People hearken so glad.

"I tell all that kindness I have those many year. Hoy Pring District have big flood—wash many house away. My house have water

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ten feet deep—no of danger much to us—we get safe. Now Poor People have hard time.

“ ‘Hope our Lord our Spirits staying—we soon look aloud and smile—be careful to maintain clistian good work. I will come back that Temple Hill next year of March. I hope those pigeon not fly away fore I come.

“ ‘From truly

“ ‘Sue Chang.’ ”

The impressive lines of the message had evidently been appropriated from the Mission school copy-book; but the delicate taste which selected them was but another proof of Celestial evolution. The mistress of the Hill sighed as she folded the letter. She sadly tucked it into her desk.

“Let it remain with the family archives in view of a day of sour bread and lamentation,” her husband advised.


She would not smile, while the faint line deepened between her eyes. The master produced a cigar with exasperating composure, then strolled away. The wife, left alone, became unreasonable. Her mind evoked rebellion. What right had a man to soothe anxiety

and ill-fortune by deliberately giving up to the influence of a narcotic? She told herself that even criminals, about to be hanged, achieved *savoir faire* after an indulgent smoke. Masculine advantage still intruded in her thoughts as she went from the house with inconsistent wish to find her husband. On the terrace the scent of his cigar drew her onward to where he stood talking to the gardener. Her own little hoe leaned against a tree and she caught it up with a childish desire to dig into something near at hand. But to prod the earth was not enough and she returned to the terrace. Here she might brood imminent misfortune with wicked realization of the acute test in store for her spouse when once Sue Chang had really gone and the new cook made sodamint tablets an after-dinner contingency.

Then suddenly, all outside of the Yellow Angel's actual loss, she became fascinated by the clear facts of his evolution. Soon Chang would go to his own home a new man—with new ideals. She fancied him the first mayor of Hoy Pring! What reforms might he not institute? He had already rebuilt his own

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house with a view to ventilation and sanitation. During his last stay in China he advocated strange methods in modern life. The neighbors who helped him to cut windows in his little dwelling had been rewarded at the end of a day's labor with a feast of fat things; a pig, ducks, chickens and sweet potatoes, all roasted with juicy significance in a deep bed of hot stones, for the same willing friends who, sooner or later, must understand necessary changes which at the time seemed to be quite useless. The mistress of the Hill could imagine the scene. Sue Chang had held his guests spell-bound while he advocated revolt from Manchu power and told of a formulated government secretly breeding independence through the faraway Chinese Reform Party of the United States. At the end of the day, some of the older men went away muttering disapproval; but the youth of Hoy Pring were stirred by a dream of liberty. And all this had taken place but five years back. Despite her earlier fears for the new Chinese Republic the mistress began to have faith in its soli-



darity. Without doubt Sue Chang would be elected mayor of Hoy Pring district.

In fancy she saw him supported by his own village—the village of seventeen families all constituting the clan of Sue. She pictured to herself a procession of queueless Sues led by the Yellow Angel arrayed in his best American store clothes and favorite felt Fedora. All were duly headed for the important market town of the province in question; and she felt an imaginary thrill for the imaginary banner of old Sue Chang. Then her interest went back logically to events connected with the beginning of the now famous Chinese Reform Party of Los Angeles.

The Yellow Angel's graphic account of the first awkward, motley drill at sunset, when rich Oriental merchants shouldered muskets with household cooks, laundrymen and vegetable vendors in the old quarter beyond the Plaza, returned to her mind with fresh charm. The picturesque tragedy of the queue held her once more as she recalled the transformation of happy, gaily clad Celestials into sober,

badly clothed creatures of revolt. For irrespective of caste or calling, yellow men of the Reform Party stood as "sheep before their shearers." Then dumb, doubtful of consequences in the old home beyond the Pacific, each humble son of progress had gone his separate way: to work, to save, to wait.

By degrees the old quarter of Los Angeles had become peopled with strange Celestials in strange garb. Amateur barbers flourished; while haberdashers of the Plaza learned to treat queueless aliens with new consideration. Pink cotton shirts and purple four-in-hand neckties marked the dudes of Chinatown for fresh distinction. For love of color still mingled with the despoiled Celestial's dreams of the fatherland. His taste conventionalized slowly and it was hard for him to forget the deep blue, the delightful green, the rich lavender or the glorious rose-color of his former holiday attire. But at length the stiff, ill-fitting suit of his choice sat upon him with comfort. The yellow man of the Los Angeles Quarter was dreaming of freedom for his far-away old land.

Soon fresh resolve stirred his soul while dignity improved his bearing. He hardened his heart to the abject claim of the hated Manchu Dynasty. The long-suffering Chinaman grew bold. Li Hung Chang and other great men had not crossed to the United States in vain, and finally light began to break when Dr. Sun rose as day. The story retold itself with irresistible charm, and the mistress of the Hill was at last ready to be valiant; to forget a personal loss in the not distant looming of Sue Chang's independent fortunes. She put aside rebellion to enjoy the Yellow Angel's late apology for deserting his American kitchen.

"You see," he explained, "I must go home plitty soon, help my cluntry—tell my People never let those wicked Manchu get move on any more. China people—my Province—Hoy Pring—velly scare some time. They not understand new Republic. My wife cly claus my son wear that American shoe. She not cut my son queue till I say she *must*. She feel all same you, when gland-son get curls cut off."

He went on with increasing pride in his offspring. "I think plaps—some day—my son

go Chinese Congress. What you think? I spose you laugh—say big joke! I tell you Chinese Republic no joke. That Chinese people suffer all those many years—can not look up and smile—claus those wicked Manchu. Now we tell Manchu go off—die! We spare their life—let them be ploud—make silly court like children: we no care. We see light! We know that Republic sure bling joy; give us blessing. We say be patient. We say long time 'fore all those poor people understand. Some time all fight! Sometime velly hard time! Some time many be hungry—say Chinese Republic no good. Some time those other Powers, that Russia, that Japan, like to steal much land from old China; say we not powerful—cannot protect ourselves. We see this—but no can help. We jus' pray God—be stlong. After while everyone be satisfy—say Chinese Republic can not get bust. Those Manchu all shut up—not talk much—jus' pray idols, be sad. Chinamen not that way any more. Chinamen be men! Long time I say, 'fore China be all same United States. Plaps I not see: my son see sure. After while China

boys get educate—learn about many things; not let those robbers ruin country. Now everything upset—many bad men steal! kill! make poor young girls all same slave. Plaps plitty soon, rich 'Melican men go over China; help clean out those robbers, all same lions. Plitty good hunting, shoot robbers, I think."

He smiled grimly and went on to elucidate some of the more barbarous practices of his country.

"You see, those robbers jus' horrible! They come down like wolf—steal everything poor people have. Some day Republic stop that nonsense, kill every one jus' like gopher." His fancy seemed to desert the king of beasts in view of California's underground pest. As he gazed across the lawn to where the gardener was setting traps for offenders below the turf, he frowned. "I gless 'Melican hunters must go that old China. Some things no use—some people not any good—jus' bad like Devil—like gopher. Some day bad people get fire out; len China have light. Las' month I give fifty dollar—all my wages—help that new Republic. General Lan come Los Angeles tell every one

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do that. He say Republic must have money—not be disgrace like Manchus.”

The spirit of the millenium transfixed his thoughts. Progress for old China blazed in his imagination and he smiled.

“I stay this Temple Hill long time,” he declared. “I stay so long I see—I know my cluntry wake up. That old wall ’lound China get pull down so people can have nice automobile road. Hope you family come over—take long ride.” He was determined to air enlightened standards. Progress stirred his soul.

“My bludder—that cook up San Berdoo, not be like me,” he coolly announced. “My bludder cut off queue but no can understand. He not have light. Las’ time my bludder go home China he buy he oldest son new young wife—claus that first wife have four daughter—only one son. He say he want that son’s first old wife be shame—feel bad. I think that mean. I not do that way. My wife bling me one son—I satisfy. Some day I hope my son grow up be good man—serve China—help he cluntry: have light. Now plitty soon I go home—not .

come United States any more. I say God bless Temple Hill: God bless that new Chinese Republic."

He linked us as a family with the uncertain destinies of his nation. Chang's Valedictory was delivered; and again the mistress knew that his Swan Song would soon be heard. She appeared to see a ship sailing slowly away. But at last she felt resigned. For the first time, she was able to regard the Yellow Angel's flight with composure. Shining promises of the Chinese Republic admonished her to forget self, in view of universal uplift. Suddenly wings brushed the air above her. She looked up to see a flock of doves—Sue Chang's doves—flash against the sky. The snow-white leader headed west, against the fire of the sun, dropping down to old China. A trade-wind swayed treetops where leaves, darkly bronzed with evening, all whispered, "Sue Chang!" Summer haze overhanging the mountains—Sue Chang's mountains—merged into blue, then to purple, that quickly blent all tones to deep, religious rose. On highest peaks and distant snow-caps the glow of evening lingered.

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Temple Hill, for so many years the alien's home, seemed to be tempting him from every side; or was it Nature's tribute to faithful service and a happy dream of the new Chinese Republic?



## **HEATHEN TALES OF THE QUARTER**



## THE REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE

**I**N the shop of Woo-Ho-Kee, curio merchant, Hop Lee dusted the wares of Canton. The handsome young celestial had but recently returned from a visit to slow old China. Again his blood flowed swiftly, while his heart responded to the fresh thrill of republican environment. It was good to be once more in the blessed United States of America. Hop's movements were joyous, denoting a personal interest, not entirely covered by the jars and punch bowls of his employer. In the morning sunlight his green feather brush flashed recklessly, tickling portraits of Manchu officials and haughty mandarins with cool unconcern. Painted on tall vases were bright women; doubtless the artist's ideal of belles of the royal harem. To-day the young celestial was strangely unmoved by glowing suggestions of imperial bliss. High life in the Flowery Kingdom no longer held his fancy. He was

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not even thinking of his lately espoused wife, now dutifully bequeathed to her mother-in-law in far Tien-Tsin. Yoc, budding lotus flower! only girl child of Woo-Ho-Kee, filled his heart. The plain-faced one, the unwelcome incumbrance, the lily-footed hobbler of a distant land, claimed his thoughts only through impatient sighs and stern celestial honor.

The year before good-looking Hop had been called across the Pacific to claim his waiting bride. An Imperial edict had gone forth, and procrastinating prodigals, enjoying life in far countries, were ordered home to redeem their pledges of long standing. The child wives had fully matured; time was ripe for a fresh crop of nuptials. Hop's aging mother clamored for a new daughter-in-law. His father plead in eloquent characters, commanding the son's return to a waiting wedding feast. Both parents refused to accept apostate regrets, for the celestial fiat had gone forth. Hop must come home, or cruelly dishonor the ancestral tablet of his house.

The lines had been hard ones for the boy.




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For a time the final decision wavered. Still dawning republican principles and partly broken down superstitions could not quite vanquish yellow ghosts of forty centuries. Unrelenting spooks waved him forward, and at last he understood that he must take sad farewell of gay Los Angeles, of Woo-Ho-Kee, and of Yoc, the lotus bud of the bright celestial quarter. With a sinking soul Hop drew from the savings bank half of a snug little fortune. His feet felt heavy; dragging wretchedly whenever he thought of the journey across the Pacific. The half-Americanized boy of the Orient loved the land of his adoption. A mission school had broadened the celestial angle of vision, while his awakening mind hopelessly repudiated the claims of unreasonable, dead-head ancestors. Hop was no longer a loyal heathen; yet might not escape the law of his father and mother at the other side of the world. He dared not be a shame to the old country. Even the tempting voice of Yoc must not detain him. The thought tore his enlightened breast, yet forced him forward to an unsought bride.

In the middle of the Pacific Ocean poor Hop cursed his ancestors to no avail. They had undone him; and he was bounding miles and miles away from the "lotus bud"; from the blessed, free United States. The young Chinaman remembered, with bitterness, that his mission school teacher had advised him to cut loose from heathen obligations and false superstitions. Alas! it was too late. He had foolishly tampered with wise counsel; had been a coward before the yellow ghosts of centuries. The promptings of a celestial conscience had ruined him. He had kept the great commandment of Confucius: had honored his father and his mother.

"You are a Christian. Christians live with their wives. You should marry a Christian girl and support her in Los Angeles," his mission instructor had carefully explained.

At the time the boy longed to accept an entrancing program. Blooming Yoc danced before his eyes; but a lingering fear of dishonored, angry ancestors held him down. He answered firmly but sadly that obedience to



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parents has been the religious etiquette of China for thousands of years. Afterward, on an aching back in the depths of the steerage, he vividly recalled his last vain attempt to escape the hard commands of his family. He remembered again and again how he had told his teacher of his bitter trouble. In a torrent of impassioned "pidgin English" he had kept back nothing, blindly hoping that she would perform a miracle and save him at the last moment.

"I no care get mally—way back China," he had cried half desperately.

But the woman waited for him to finish, doubtless with a view to Celestial psychology—and honest Hop had rushed on with unanswerable logic: "China son must obey parents."

She was still silent.

"No good, I tink, have wife udder side big ocean. Plitty soon come these United States—send money home all time! Be heap bloke! I solly I get mally. My parents say I come home—I must go. My mudder old—she likey

my wife work for her. I no likey shame my kluntry—my family. All same I Clistian—*Ples-by-te-ri-an Clistian*, sure pop!”

Through a miserable voyage that followed, Hop innocently wondered about his teacher's answering smile. Why had its radiance dashed his hopes and virtually signed his passport to China? The woman he trusted had not tried to dispute heathen ethics. She had permitted Confucius to win out. Her maddening smile of approval had been Hop's only recompense for a difficult, burning disclosure. He recalled his disappointment, the tear on his yellow cheek, the lump in his throat. Duty pointed to the East, and later he departed from the curio shop of Woo-Ho-Kee with his bundle strapped for the San Francisco liner. Then again, in the bottom of the deep ship all seemed very sad, while hardest and cruelest of recollections were the last whispered words of Yoc, the lotus bud. Night and day the boy heard her cooing command:

“You come back United States! America. United States America more better! China no good!”

## REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE 175

Then she suddenly dropped her velvet eyelids, and miserable Hop had hurried from her presence knowing too well the pangs of gnawing passion. All the way to China he felt the magic of the girl's ravishing gaze. The demure falling of her soft Celestial eye-curtains was like the opening and shutting of morning glories. Every hour the thought of his unsought bride grew more intolerable.

"I no likey go!" he sorrowfully owned as he sailed forward to the beck of long dead ancestors.

The voyage across the Pacific was eminently sacrificial. Earlier heathen superstitions seemed to take hold of him while his inwards tore with pains. Insulted gods sought to cancel apostasy. The depths of the steerage heard his helpless groans, and two moons shone full and waned before he reached his native land.

Here he passed a long year of dutiful compliance to the will of parents; then one day he was ready to return to America, the country of white devils and money. For the departing husband must send back gold. The young

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wife left to the tender mercies of her mother-in-law dared not complain and Hop was free for the next five years.

He awakened, light and hopeful, from a sound sleep, on his first night at sea. Waves no longer tossed his soul; and he was speeding back to the United States of America. Los Angeles' Chinatown was before him! His dark old land was now behind the ship. Pity for his country filled his heart with comfortable sighs; but he felt that he had gone out of it forever.

"They heap no see. My nation all dark," he muttered as he hailed once more the land of light and freedom.

For at last Hop beheld the outline of "The Golden Gate"—San Francisco lay beyond. The return voyage had been accomplished. After a few days spent in quarantine, he was again on the outskirts of Los Angeles, city of the happy alien. Soon—too soon, he forgot his matrimonial shackles. The filth, the poverty and the noise of Tien-Tsin vanished from his mind, while his hand went out to cordial, chattering friends. Yes, the Celestial quarter



**MADAM Woo-Ho-Kee, Yoc “the lotus-bud,”**  
*and the two parakeets.*



## REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE 177.

was the same delightful place, still winking to the ancient Plaza through rows of red lanterns and twinkling electric lights.

Hop half doubted that he had been away. When once more he dusted the rich wares of Canton in the curio store of Woo-Ho-Kee, the zenith of his republican pride was reached. How good it all seemed! Even one week in the prosperous shop spanned the hateful year of absence. Few changes had taken place among the curios. Rows of stately vases, punch bowls and jars dazzled as usual; but before the glass showcase stood Yoc! Just turned sixteen, a year of quick blooming had urged the lotus bud into a half-blown flower. She was at last permitted to help in the store, for sharp Woo-Ho-Kee observed that few tourists tried to resist his daughter's winning way and charming pidgin English. Already the girl was making pretty eyes at half-distracted Hop. As she arranged beautiful embroideries, her black lashes fell and rose with cruel disregard for the interests of a forsaken wife.

The girl had Americanized in many ways. At the mission school she was now the star.

Ever since Hop's return, curiosity had struggled with Yoc's pride; she longed to know the truth about the absent wife, and at length the opportunity came, when a watchful mother one day vanished to the rear of the house. Woo-Ho-Kee was long upon the street. Only two little brothers fluttered about, like gay parrakeets loosed from a cage. In yellow trouserettes and green overjackets they flashed between curio tables with reckless speed; then Toy, first born, took a header into a pile of lacquer boxes. Yoc found an excuse for crossing the room, while into screams of the heaven-sent boy she sank her low sweet voice, imploring willing Hop with all the coquetry of falling eyelids.

Yoc was proud of her "America speech." She loved to address Chinese men in English and in Hop's case it was really necessary. The Celestial employed by her Cantonese father was one of the few aliens hailing from the North of China. Yoc could not quite understand Hop's dialect, and for this reason she aired her English with elegance. When the lotus blossom spoke she was doubly danger-

## REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE 179

ous. Her personality was ethereal. She seemed ready to float, as she lifted and drooped the creamy lids of dream-eyes. She was now speaking close into Hop's ear. Her voice was music, her young breath as the opening of flowers.

"I glad you come back these United States of America," she confided; then again the wild rage of the first-born interfered. Toy, "heaven-sent," was upon her. Celestial teeth ground the flesh of her little hand, and in vain she tried to hold him down by the folds of his gorgeous robe.

"Blad, blad boy!" she shrieked. "I tell you fadder! You get out you tooth!"

Hop rushed to the rescue only to find the angry son of Heaven an imp in training. Blows rained on the lotus blossom's face; while with dragon-like fury, a pair of Celestial heels rose high in air. Unwary Hop caught the full force of god-like displeasure upon the bridge of his nose; then in the same second a fine vase fell crashing to the floor.

Toy, the Celestial parrakeet, was free! Screeching at the top of his voice, he fled, vic-

toriously flanked by his smaller brother. Now both the boys reviled from afar. With thumbs attached to round little noses, twenty heaven-born fingers wagged scorn at their father's underling.

"You dirty Hop!" the first-born sang, and at once a cherubic chorus rent the air. "You get bounce! You old nasty Hop—you blake my fadder ting." Again the little green brothers cried, "You get bounce!" The entire vocabulary of insulting pidgin English would doubtless have been exhausted had not the sound of firecrackers in the street caught the ears of the leader. The siege was raised.

Angry Yoc and miserable Hop were delivered. As the two parrakeets fluttered through the door, the sister's shrill voice followed the gorgeous scamps in vain. Suddenly her velvet eyelids drooped with sympathy.

"You feel velly blad?" she asked.

"I no care—I pay," Hop replied. He stooped and picked up the pieces of the broken vase in sullen wrath.

"Let me—hep—you," Yoc besought.

A flower fastened at the side of her glossy,

## REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE 181

beautifully-dressed hair brushed the Celestial's queue.

"I tell my fadder not get heap mad. I say my bludder, Toy, mean, blad boy. I say he blite me, kick you—len vase all bloke." She smiled encouragingly. "You sure glad you come back these United States of America? America more better—China no good. I heap glad *I* not go back China, live my mudder-in-law! My teacher say girl have heap blad time back China. I go school—learn much! Have heap fun these United States."

The spirit of the new Celestial woman possessed her and she rushed on to the subject disturbing her daily thoughts and midnight musings.

"You not tell me how you wife back China, heap bu-ti-ful?" she pressed the question softly. Creamy cheeks took on the tinge of ripe pomegranates. Her eyelids fell, and she waited breathlessly for Hop's answer—too slow in coming. Then she resorted to fresh tactics.

"I glad you get mally back China!" she exclaimed. "I get mally plitty soon myself."

My fadder catch heap lich man for me!" She tossed her smooth, dark head defiantly, and this time the flower brushed Hop's trembling ear. A tormenting vision of the plain-faced bride in far Tien-Tsin wrinkled his brow and sharpened his breath. Stifled sighs cut his throat with hopeless passion for the only daughter of Woo-Ho-Kee.

"Why you not tell me stay these United States of America?" he fiercely demanded. "I likey you be my wife, but now you no can. You all same angel. I sick inside my heart!"

Yoc's soft eyelids lifted slowly, while their dreamy slanting range seemed to send forth heavenly sorrow. At last a gleam of triumph crept into her dark pupils. Hop had betrayed his secret. The bride of Tien-Tsin was unloved! detested of her husband.

"I solly you no happy," she whispered. "I bet you like China girl all same me? I bet you like you wife live these United States—Los An-ge-les." She laughed unconsciously at the picture. "I bet—" two rows of small pearly teeth parted between rich, ripe lips, then

## REDEMPTION OF HOP LEE 183

clashed in sweet confusion. "I bet—I bet nutting—claus I just heap stupid."

The self-deprecating etiquette of her strange race admonished her in time, and she went on in best Chinese form, "I tink you wife way back Tien-Tsin heap nice. Me just ugly girl—you wife more better—she heap lovely!" The rising inflection of the last word was adroitly managed.

Miserable Hop was beside himself with rage. A flood of base denial rushed to his lips.

"I no care—." But again the Celestial parakeets fluttered through the sunlit doorway. Woo-Ho-Kee, their father, drove them forward with angry threats. His voice was loud, his countenance lowering. Amid sudden confusion, the lotus blossom floated demurely across the room. Innocent eyelids dropped once more upon silken embroideries of the showcase.

Only the pomegranate tinge on her cheeks betrayed Yoc's secret. None would have dreamed that the heavenly bud was paralyzed with fear. Then her father's angry voice bade

her return to her mother. The moment was awful, and the girl obeyed slowly without looking up.

Once outside in the narrow passage her little ear clung to the keyhole. What would happen to her? Did her father, Woo-Ho-Kee, know of her debasement? What had he heard? She listened with all the strength of terrified senses. Now Hop had crossed the store. The two men were talking together excitedly. A few Chinese words the girl caught and interpreted in half stupefied horror. "Kill! Boil all same soup! Scalding oil! Peking!" She heard no more. A misty wave spread before her; velvet eyelids closed as she fell senseless to the floor. The dark head struck heavily and the dull thud of her body brought her mother.

Madam Woo-Ho-Kee dragged her daughter forward; she was fond of doctoring her children, and strangely Yoc's faint did not alarm her. Soon the girl opened her eyes. She was now lying on a mat, her head resting on a wooden block. The mother looked down at her calmly, holding a bowl of nauseous medicine.

The outside door was open and a summer sky crept in, while into its cloudless depths Yoc gazed wonderingly. What had happened to her? Was it early morning or night? Her thoughts rushed back to the awful moment of last recollection. How long had she slept? Was the dreadful doom of Hop Lee accomplished? Had her angry father fulfilled his threat and heated the caldron of oil? Poor Yoc shivered, then sat up and began to cry. Her mother forced the bowl of medicine between her lips.

"You dlink!" she commanded.

The girl obeyed through gulping sobs. On her block pillow she imagined the worst. The full play of a half-civilized fancy quickened her breathing. Her heart leaped outward while she began to listen to sounds in the adjoining shop. Suspense sharpened her ears until she seemed to hear the last groans of expiring Hop. His execution was in full swing! She was sure of it. Noise in the room beyond increased to frenzy. The commotion was no longer caused by Yoc's imagination. Wild Celestial jargon rent the air. Cries of excited

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Chinamen pierced the wall; then an instant later the door flew back and Woo-Ho-Kee with Hop rushed through.

The child could not believe her eyes. She sat up and listened to strange words from noisy men. At first she did not understand. But by degrees the truth grew plain. England, Europe, and the United States were all about to declare war against far-away shut-in old China. Already terrible things had happened. Yoc heard about the Forbidden City and a band of murderers, called Boxers, that had long been nurtured by the Empress. The men had learned a cut-throat trade, to rush forth in the Flowery Kingdom to kill. Missionaries and foreign visitors were dead. The Boxers condemned all at will, until finally reaching imperial Peking they had first confined, then horribly murdered the foreign legationists of the world. The awful atrocity was now a theme for civilized tongues. Germany's Minister had been torn to pieces, limb by limb! The representative of France had been boiled in oil! Woo-Ho-Kee shook his head and spread his hands with prophetic sorrow.

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“Heap great fools do that murder,” he declared.

To Yoc’s amazement, Hop Lee now seemed to be a personage in the eyes of her father. She did not know that the young Celestial had been explaining the situation, telling all that he knew about the uprising. He had returned so lately from the North of China that his words held force, and the girl listened breathlessly.

“China no sense. I see trouble myself. All shoot guns every night back Tien-Tsin,” he reported authentically. “Empress make all men shoot; get ready for war. Empress say no man can kill Boxers! I no believe that—Old Lady last too long! She too dark. She go off die—more better. Now Boxers kill United States Minister, China soon be all same Jew—no country. United States no be fool with. Boxers can not whip great army—many soggers! Big guns! China soon be all same Spanish ships—heap sunk.”

Hop’s terse *résumé* was warmly received by his employer, Woo-Ho-Kee. The astonished women said nothing; and soon the men strode

away, drawn by new bonds. Yoc and her mother remained behind to chatter about dreadful Boxers until each was weary of an almost incomprehensible subject. They could not realize the personal import of trouble at the other side of the world. Not until weeks afterward did they understand what it would mean to the Oriental quarter of Los Angeles if the United States made war on China.

But through dark days that followed, when no official word came from Peking, the wife and daughter went about the curio shop in subdued silence. Woo-Ho-Kee was in no humor to be annoyed by his family. Already bill collectors had descended upon the Celestial quarter. Every Chinese merchant was forced to pay his debts, even to the last penny. The Oriental dragon flag and the Stars and Stripes still waved side by side, yet, for all apparent good feeling manifested by Christian sympathizers, wise aliens understood that their doom was sealed if no word came from Minister Conger.

The situation grew intense for golden-faced men of Los Angeles' Chinatown. Educated

Celestials became frightened and silent, even among themselves, while all waited anxiously for a gleam of hope. Then came the tidings of the fall of Tien-Tsin; the story of the looting and the wild butchery of yellow countrymen. Weeks went by, and now the allies were approaching the outskirts of imperial Peking. For Hop Lee the fall of Tien-Tsin was doubly stirring. Each day he went to the Chinese postoffice,—always expecting a letter. Excitement keyed his voice to a hopeful pitch and warmed his covetous eyes with fire. He gazed often at Yoc, the lotus bud.

The girl, too, felt strange, eager flutterings. She dressed more carefully, and red flowers always adorned her hair. Woo-Ho-Kee alone seemed dull with misery. Few customers came to the shop, for the sun of late July had driven away the tourists. Debts stared the merchant in the face and soon he must pay them or resign a large part of his stock. His credit, so good before the Chinese war, seemed worthless. And each day the allies marched to Peking! Poor Woo-Ho-Kee often laid his head upon his hands and sighed.

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One day Hop Lee saw him, and came quickly forward. For a moment he wavered irresolutely, then found his voice.

"You take this—you get peace," he said pointedly. From a small bag of chamois skin he poured out a pile of gold; it fell upon his employer's desk like smiles from Joss. "I no need send money back Tien-Tsin any more. You use," the hireling explained laconically.

The father of Yoc, the lotus blossom, marveled. "You my flend for sure," he declared feelingly. Then the yellow men clasped hands with true American fervor.

While they thus stood, Yoc and the two parakeets fluttered into the shop. The girl was in holiday apparel, richly dressed; her little brothers were gorgeous to behold.

"I go Sunday-school pic-nic!" she exclaimed. "My nice teacher come plitty soon in carriage—take me to park. My little blud-ders go, too!"

White teeth gleamed triumphantly as her velvet eyelids rose and fell with their usual

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cunning. In her hand Yoc held a large paper bag.

"See!" she cried, greedily. "I fill him up at pic-nic—bling you all home good ting. Cake, ba-nan-as, nuts!" She finished in a transport of anticipation, while in Celestial chorus the two parrakeets clamored for provision sacks. The indulgent father supplied each son with true commercial pride. His shining first born, by virtue of acknowledged superiority, snatched two large bags, while the younger brother was limited to one. The gay flock flew for the open door; for the wheels of the mission teacher's vehicle had been heard in the street. Then Madam Woo-Ho-Kee rushed breathlessly from the rear of the house, a dream of Oriental elegance. Her long earrings shook in the sunlight; in her hand she carried a fan and a brown paper bag. With polite smiles and obsequious bows, Woo-Ho-Kee and Hop Lee witnessed an exciting hegira. As the last parra-keet found his perch, the carriage rattled away. The two men went indoors, at last, to converse on an entirely new basis. Hop's hour had

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come. His voice was strong and his manner seemed born of wealth at hand. He felt himself to be the acknowledged equal of his once arrogant employer, Woo-Ho-Kee.

"I not tell you I get letter from Tien-Tsin this day," he remarked with introductory import.

The boss eyed him sharply. "So!" he exclaimed with dawning apprehension. "You hear you family all dead?"

The younger Celestial beamed at the desolate question.

"My father live little longer—two—three month; my mother, my wife—both dead." He finished abruptly. Then more gold coin poured out on Woo-Ho-Kee's desk. Hop pointed to it with rising emotion.

"You count," he commanded.

The merchant complied, his long fingers sorting the precious disks into even, glowing piles.

"Twenty—forty—sixty—eighty—one hundred," he called. Twenty times he repeated the sum, gloating as he counted. The tense lines of his yellow brow softened. "Hard times these bad days! I not sleep much last



**WOO-HO-KEE** *folded his arms  
opulently.*



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night; now I get peace," he owned. "But I no can pay very soon. Not till next winter. Heap rain—I pay up clean China New Year."

Hop wavered before his opportunity, but to burst out more bravely.

"I not want you pay me. I want you girl, Yoc. I marry her—work for you all same."

He paused, only to watch Woo-Ho-Kee. Fate seemed to be balancing chances of earthly bliss, and Hop could not discern the merchant's crafty thoughts. Once the long fingers seemed about to push away the piles of shining gold. For a second a scornful curve cut through the lips of the petitioned father; then he swallowed a direct refusal.

"My Yoc fine girl! One rich man pay me five thousand dollars." Woo-Ho-Kee folded his arms opulently. Hop did not presume to refute a chilling truth; Woo-Ho-Kee resumed more kindly. "Yoc, my little one, I hope she find rich husband. She heap smart—learn all same boy. One day I tell her she worth five thousand dollar. She stamp foot, scream like white devil—say she will not marry rich old man." The proud father chuckled. "I let

Yoc go mission school too long. She get too smart. Now I poor! Heap broke! You take her."

Woo-Ho-Kee's greedy fingers gathered in the gold. It clinked in his grasp. "I go out—pay my damned debts," he grunted.

The door of the shop closed behind him. Hop was alone. His transport was great. He could do nothing but walk the floor and listen for the slow-returning wheels of the mission school teacher's carriage. The afternoon dragged; then at sundown he heard a glad rattle in the street and witnessed the victorious return of Madam Woo-Ho-Kee and her green and yellow birdlings. Brown paper bags bulged before him with promise; but he saw only Yoc, floating through the golden mist of early evening—lotus bud upon a sacred stream—heavenly flower! plucked at last!

Los Angeles' Chinatown blazed with lanterns. Celestials ran hither and thither wildly discussing the capture of great Peking. The foreign ministers were safe! The old Empress and the court had flown. The Forbidden City

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had been entered by profane feet. The Boxers had not proved invulnerable to Mauser bullets. Awakened men of Chinatown wagged their sagacious pigtails, noisily prophesying light for their stubborn old country. After a time the race would see beyond its stupid, crumbling walls, its dark, impassable mountains.

For Yoc and Hop the time was doubly memorable. Their nuptials had been celebrated with suitable pomp, and now from behind a palm-trimmed balcony they eagerly discussed the stirring events of the past few weeks. Long golden earrings dangled from the bride's little ears. She shook them importantly before her progressive spouse. The pomegranate tinge was warm upon her cheeks; she spoke with new authority.

"You like you wife live these United States—America? More nice you wife not stay back China?" Her velvet eyelids rose shyly. The lotus bud, full-blown, gazed at her handsome husband.

"I glad you wife die back Tien-Tsin—I play Ples-by-te-ri-an God all those days! My

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teacher say I ask, I get. I ask you old wife go dead—she go. Now I heap glad I good Christian—sure pop.” She clasped her hands devoutly.

The palm bowered balcony grew dim, for red lanterns were burned out. In the street below the clatter of Celestials had ceased—the redemption of Hop Lee was accomplished.

## THE AWAKENING OF THE DRAGON

**T**HE gambling den of the "Ant-eater" swarmed with human yellow wretches. Like insects, slant-eyed miserables fed the slime of old Chung Foo's greedy tongue. Handsome Lem Gay alone had yet one coin; when that was lost, he would be as the others, a morsel for Chung Foo.

As the richly dressed Celestial flung down his remaining chance, the money fell on the matting-covered table like a challenge to departing hope. The defiant action held strange interest for a stolid, ruined crowd.

In the center of the table, under a bronze cover, hid illusive buttons of fan-tan; on one corner of the soiled matting rested the solitary coin of the dude of Chinatown. The game could be but a travesty, yet the heathens watched like cats for its delayed ending.

When the tricky fingers of the Ant-eater began to draw forth slowly from beneath the

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magic cover, the crowd howled in hellish chorus, guessing the result—each time—correctly. Lem Gay knew that his luck had not returned; perverse doom simply tarried at the will of Chung Foo. A few more seconds! a few manœuvres under the lid; then a final exposure, the end.

Gay twisted a piece of paper to shreds. All at once the yellow wretches shouted as fiends; the bronze cover lifted—Gay had lost!

For a moment the victim of the night sat still and sullen. As yet Gay could hardly realize his misfortunes; greater far than the lingering yellow herd surmised. Ignominy had begun for the Celestial. His fortune, accumulated through years of successful cooking in a family hotel, now jingled in the pockets of old Chung Foo. The younger man was worse than a pauper. And soon blacker shame would be his.

In a few days the sneering outside world would know of his downfall—the old quarter resound with a tale of heathen baseness. For Gay had gambled away not only his money, but Ah Puck, his handsome young wife.



***H**ANDSOME Lem Gay*



The miserable husband fancied the rustle of the hateful bond, beneath the purple robe of old Chung Foo. A dastardly, unrecorded mortgage on Ah Puck eclipsed all former fantan ventures. Justly now the civilized upper town might rage; those opposed to aliens sneer.

Lem Gay shrewdly divined the full dishonor of his crime. Yet he could swear by every departed sacred ancestor, that he had not foreseen an evil hour. He had never dreamed that in the end Ah Puck would fall to Chung Foo. What cursed luck was his! He had only meant to speculate to his own advantage, to ruin the "Ant-eater"; eventually to endow Ah Puck and a potential heir with flowers of luxury. Dreams! dreams! Lem Gay—young, admired, envied by all Los Angeles' Chinatown—would now be a Celestial by-word. Ah Puck lost to old Chung Foo! Henceforth be his shame!

Lem Gay told himself that he was as bad as the "white devil" who gambles away millions of other people's money. Disgrace faced him and for a moment he dwelt on the advantage of committing the Japanese act of Hara-

kari. His hand felt for a knife. Then the desire to die passed. Lem Gay had work to do. Before he went from the world to join an innumerable company in the spirit-land he meant to slay old Chung Foo. He must save his woman, Ah Puck, at any cost. The coveted belle of the quarter should never enrich the lair of the "Ant-eater." In the dark of the moon the old gambler would not be on earth to demand the fulfilment of his bond. A hard smile parted Gay's lips.

Victims of the night loitered within the den. Halting, all yet waited, their high yellow cheeks pale, ashen, hellish beneath the blanching glare of arc rays. With bestial cries now dead in their throats, the wretches stood ready to depart—to slink away in filthy rat holes of the quarter.

The last chance to address Chung Foo's enemies had arrived. Gay repeated the death-word—the awful death-word—"Sez yan!" Hate lit his handsome countenance; his head rose defiantly. A hiss, a devil's scream, swept over his petrified audience. Gay's long, swift gaze struck yellow faces with revolutionary

command. From flaming, slanting corners of his eyelids he cried, "Kill! kill! kill! free the quarter—save Ah Puck!" Yellow faces answered him with silent pledges. Half open mouths seemed to speak while burning eyes bestowed allegiance. The death-word, "Sez yan!" trembled on every tongue. In a mirror hung high and slanting, old Chung Foo saw all; felt the numbering of his days.

Meantime, Lem Gay passed from the gambling den into the street. Once outside, he shivered. Death's hour seemed hovering beneath paling stars. The departing heathen's dragging feet echoed strangely to his superstitious brain. He twisted his tall body suspiciously; no assassin followed, and he went on.

He staggered along his deserted way, drunk with misery, dull with shame. Impelled by fancy, he suddenly stopped; for beneath the rays of the arc light, he beheld a gaudily-garlanded portrait of the well-beloved President of the United States. With a flash of reviving interest in coming events Lem Gay recalled the approach of "La Fiesta." He remembered that at the end of a week the streets of Los

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Angeles would blaze with flags and banners and millions of fresh flowers. The "man Joss"—McKinley, the kind one!—was coming to view the Southwest land. Here then was a last chance; a remaining hope.

Gay's superstitious soul arose to supplicate the image of his dream. In the old quarter the American man stood high. He was "McKinley, the just," the friend of honest aliens; fair to their interests; sympathetic with their struggles for advancement. In an elemental way Gay felt the force of the President's approaching visit. The stone gods of his fathers had deserted him. He had prayed in vain—no good had come! Chung Foo alone had been heard. Gay was a consistent heathen. The mission schools of the city had not gathered him in; traditions and abominations were with him. To-night the unhappy dude of the quarter felt in the silken folds of his sleeve and drew forth a bunch of yellow prayer papers.

Even as he gazed upward, the "man Joss" appeared to smile; the judicial expression of the portrait to relax.

The heathen disciple trembled. Surely the

“man Joss” promised to save Ah Puck? bade a degenerate spouse take courage? The fancy seemed conclusive. One by one Gay lit prayer papers and sent them like yellow fire-flies into the night. His heathen heart was enraptured, uplifted, as he watched them burn.

Then his plans began to take definite shape, and he smiled craftily. Through the ensuing week he would importune his new Joss: each night burn prayers beneath the portrait; supplicate for the opportunity, which would come during La Fiesta—on the day appointed for the great procession.

With fluttering heart Gay remembered that the Chinese dragon was to awaken in honor of the President—to pass directly beneath the official platform. Here then, was the chance to meet the “Joss man” face to face! Suddenly, with returning hope and vanity, Gay recalled his own particular part in the approaching carnival. He was glad that he had consented to walk at the head of the great dragon, which, after a prolonged nap of over two years, would again wriggle forth. The old quarter was wild over the prospective awakening, while the

name of McKinley trembled on every heathen tongue. The Spanish War and general hard times had kept the Chinese monster quiet; but now the dragon was to rise up, to writhe again for a wondering multitude.

The Celestial's pulse quickened. He felt sure that his new Joss had smiled; that help had come; that Ah Puck and her potential man-child would be saved. His plot developed every moment. Chung Foo seemed already slain.

Uplifted and walking with a firmer tread, Gay started down the street. The dawn was breaking and he moved swiftly to his tightly-closed home. Here the belated one halted, half unwilling to enter. The shame of his night's undoing again faced him. As he tarried, the door opened with magic softness. Ah Puck, heavy-eyed, questioning, shrewish, bade him come in.

"Too much long from home," she chided. "You get lich this time sure?" Without waiting for her lord's answer, she burst into wild congratulation and jubilant pidgin English. Her painted lips trembled; her eyes shone.

"I happy you stay long, catchey heap money! You heap smart. Now plitty soon I go see you make big dragon joyful to Plesident—these United States. Now you lich! you let you wife lide fine hack? I glad I go see process-sion—all same Hop Lee loman. She tell me, her man say she can lide that grand hack!" Puck smiled entrancingly. "I likey you stay way all night—get heap money! I be bully glad you do that way!" Gay winced.

"I let you go," he answered.

Ah Puck's silken sleeves fell away from round arms, adorned with jade bracelets. She raised her hands coquettishly above her greased, ebony head, still dressed as for the day.

"Hop Lee loman too ploud! she too smart—'cause that little son!" she complained jealously. "She say I stay home, not see process-sion—all same—that hack!" Ah Puck laughed scornfully. "She say her man wear long beard, go grand hack—heap big bug! all same Chinese Bloard Trade. Len, I say, 'My man boss big dragon! not let Plesident get bite!'" She laughed again. "I say my man

wear lovely clothes! do wonder tlick—make dragon po-lite! heap bully!"


Ah Puck was proud of her English, picked up on the street, and at a school for Chinese women, which she occasionally attended. To-night she aired freshly acquired slang. Everything was "bully!" her belated lord included. Ah Puck was very happy. It was a distinction to be owned by the dude of Chinatown. On the eve of "La Fiesta," the young woman realized her social position as never before.

To-night her tongue seemed loosed for flattery, while she squatted at her husband's feet. "I tell Hop Lee loman you heap good!" she cajoled. "I say I give you heap beau-ti-ful little son—velly soon."

The unconscious blow struck sharply. Gay could endure the irony of his fate no longer.

"You shut up! I go catch sleep," he cried warningly, as he flung himself across the bed.

Ah Puck, unconscious of offence and sure of her lord's preëminence, waited until he breathed heavily; then she slipped from the room. Her pretty head was now filled with plans for social aggrandizement; she had given





*“**HOP LEE** loman too ploud! She too  
smart 'cause that little son!”*



up all idea of rest. For a time she wished to indulge in day-dreams; to gloat in secret on potential joy. Her rival across the way—Mrs. Hop Lee—would be compelled to relinquish a boasted corner on wifely indulgence. Soon the woman of Lem Gay might also ride in a hired hack, driven by a “white devil.” Ah Puck laughed softly, as she passed from the house into a tiny garden fenced off at the rear. Here, above a bed of blood-red poppies, her mental pictures bloomed still richer. When the man-child came, there could be little to wish for—Lem Gay would then adore her beyond all others!

Pride of condition brought new dignity to Ah Puck. Natural color spread around the painted spots of her cheeks; then her thoughts went back to the promised triumph of the approaching week—to La Fiesta! to the awakening of the dragon.

With rapture the wife of Lem Gay recalled vivid impressions of the great Chinese wonder. She hardly believed her eyes the first time she had seen the splendid thing in full play, stretching down the street, two full blocks. It

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did not seem possible that the brilliant, elastic sections of the lively beast could be only richly embroidered silks, held together in golden settings. She still saw two lines of half hidden, gorgeously dressed men, who strained with long poles beneath the heavy frame-work to manipulate the wonderful monster. In spite of what she really knew, the springing green legs below the Dragon seemed half a mystery. Then, on either side, she had seen understudies, ready and eager to relieve at a second's notice perspiring, over-worked "cousins." And so magical had been the exchange of a turkey feather fan for a pole that few onlookers perceived the trick. For again the beast leaped forward, writhing; ever controlled by heathen expedient.

Ah Puck had listened with delight to the crash of Chinese gongs—to the shouts of her countrymen. But the most remarkable feature of the monster was its great golden head, with jaws of precious jade always open for a darting tongue of jewels! Nothing so splendid had ever been conceived of by admiring women of Los Angeles' Chinatown. To-day, in



***AH PUCK** was very happy. It was  
a distinction to be owned by the  
dude of Chinatown.*



the little garden, Ah Puck smiled when she remembered that her lord and master had been chosen to walk at the dragon's head. It was pleasant to imagine Lem Gay arrayed in official finery. His gorgeous costume, a dream of lavender and rose, was quite finished; everything from a beautiful head-dress to Oriental shoes was in the front room, ready for the President's coming. And perhaps with the advent of McKinley, great luck would fall upon Chinatown—upon the wife of Lem Gay! The fancy was sweet to Ah Puck.

With no thought of impending disaster, she leaned lazily against a porch prop twined with moon-flowers. Here happy dreams bloomed like awakening blue-eyed blossoms.

Suddenly Ah Puck felt the need of food. Day had come with one glad flash of golden light, and with velvet tread the young wife re-entered her little home. Lem Gay, in the darkened front room, must not be aroused. Fortunately the back shed held breakfast—a bowl of cold rice, seasoned with chunks of pork. Ah Puck was very hungry, and her slender fingers met the full requirements of

chop-sticks. Occasionally she moistened her early meal with sips of cold tea. By the time she had finished, gentle languor touched her eyelids; with no domestic duties to keep her awake, she took pattern of her sleeping lord.

Meanwhile the gambling den of Chung Foo had sent lingering wretches into sunlit streets. In divers directions fled yellow victims, lost for the day in holes and runways of the protecting quarter. The Ant-eater was alone, eager to examine the mortgage on Ah Puck—wife of Lem Gay. His long forefinger traced the abominable bond throughout, while a smile made sinister joy for his ugly lips.

The girl was his own; at last he might exult in the thought of a young wife. Foo sprang forward, thrusting the paper beneath his clothes. For a moment he stood before the door of an adjoining room, then with trembling hands plied the lock.

On the threshold he paused to survey a work of weeks back. Here was the center of his far-reaching web, sedulously woven for unsuspecting Ah Puck. Sumptuous! gorgeous! heathen in all its appointments, the bridal-

chamber waited. Only the moon delayed his triumph; when that grew sick and lean, poor little Ah Puck would be caught. In the dark of the month she would come.

Chung Foo examined the spring lock; then turned into the room, slamming the door grimly. A great carved cabinet caught his eye, and with foolish, feverish, half-doting impatience, he snatched open its drawers and secret panels. His old hands trembled as they examined gifts collected for the wife of Lem Gay. Jewels! shimmering embroidered stuffs and golden chains; each treasure won with cunning joy. To each was attached an inhuman price.

Chung Foo sprang to and fro in restless anger. Why must he wait? Why should the great Chung Foo, the hated and feared of Tongs, not claim his own? The thought pleased, and the old man grinned. Jagged rows of opium-stained teeth gnashed with revolting passion.

In the corner of the room stood a shrine sacred to his favorite joss, and budding possibilities of love. Chung Foo suddenly waxed

devotional. His determination to gain immediate possession of Ah Puck strengthened with the rising odors of efficacious joss sticks. As the little apartment grew heavy with doting supplication, the old reprobate fancied his charmer's presence. The wife of Lem Gay, the best looking girl of the quarter, was with him. Taller and larger than most Chinese women, Ah Puck's beauty blazed before his polluted mind. Her ebony, shining, highly-greased head seemed to eclipse the image of his household shrine.

Chung Foo lit fresh joss sticks. When Ah Puck came into his web, his notoriety would be complete.

Chung Foo's coffers held gold and bonds; some day he would go back to China and live as a prince. Ah Puck's man-child should be his heir; in the fatherland none would know that the boy was not his own.

Dense odors sickened the air. The ant-eater's sharp eyes grew dull and heavy, and he flung himself recklessly across the superb bed prepared for Ah Puck. Into the deeply-shaded room no sunlight crept. Noises from

the quarter scarcely reached the wadded retreat.

And Ah Puck, left to her own devices during days which followed, found fresh rapture in dreams of a promised chariot. To go forth in state seemed the acme of Celestial glory. Lem Gay to all appearances seemed engrossed with the eccentricities of the awakening dragon. He was seldom at home. Time was precious and the Celestial's scheme for vengeance must ripen fast. But his secret was still safe beneath the ribs of the Mongolian monster. Gay had made insidious progress with his company of pole-bearing coolies. In the green and lavender legs of countrymen, flashing below the dragon's writhing frame, he now found new hope. The men had promised to revenge his wrongs.

Slanting eyes and inscrutable glances foretold the doom of the Ant-eater. The rescue of Ah Puck was sure. A Chinese epic waited to be sung. Each day Gay marshalled his pole-bearers with determination. To perform his heroic part with credit grew into a laudible am-

bition as the morning of the street carnival dawned. The President had come: the "City of Angels" cried "Hail!"

A blue canopy stretched above the purple range and against it no dark cloud floated. No prophetic check to universal joy was seen in nature. The streets blazed significantly when a notable day at last opened with climatic *éclat*. The most carping tourist found no fault.

In Chinatown influential yellow men ran hither and thither, both directing and executing. Despotic and republican emotions sharpened their tense features and metallic voices. Then, after hours of labor, a long barbaric column, gorgeous! heathen! fantastic! headed by the plunging dragon of mythological proportions, moved safely from the Quarter. Nothing had been forgotten. The scheme of Oriental color was marvelous to behold.

For Ah Puck the departure of Lem Gay was significant. With radiant wifely pride she marked his rich apparel and long golden prod. To-day she was indeed happy to belong to her

handsome lord. As the dragon's flashing tail vanished from view, she ran wildly forward. She caught a last glimpse of the sinuous beast circling the old Plaza, then a triumphant leap lurched it into the main thoroughfare—it was gone!

Ah Puck turned homeward to await her promised chariot. The hour was late, but Lem Gay had said the carriage would surely come. In feverish impatience the gaily-dressed woman peered up and down the street. Ten minutes before Mrs. Hop Lee had taken flight in an open hack accompanied by her first born, her mother and two small brothers, richly feathered like green and yellow parrakeets.

Disappointed Ah Puck stamped her Chinese shoes and bit her painted lips in rage. Why was her carriage late? Madam Ah Fat, an elderly companion, strove in vain to console her. Ah Puck was furious. As time went by with no rattling coach in sight, angry tears began to rain down her painted cheeks.

"My man fool me! I not lide!" she screamed. "Hop Lee wife lide all same 'Meli-can woman. I got my foot! I got my foot!"

The irony of fate now forced upon her, she began a mad chase through the street after the procession still forming in congested distance. Wabbling Ah Fat could hardly keep pace; yet by dint of perseverance the women succeeded in reaching the goal of observation.

At last they faced the President's stand and the seats of the mighty. Across the way wedged in as piles of a breakwater both stood for two long hours. Cries of "Cut those wires!" often weakened patriotic cheers; for again and again someone fainted, stricken with sickening steam of rising breaths. A human jam invoked fatality.

Poor Ah Puck and Madam Ah Fat timidly resisted burly forms, ever challenging the hard gained space for their Chinese shoes. Only intervention of an officer saved them from brutal treatment. But at last a long thrilling shout arose! The President had come.

Close to obstructing wires the Celestial women pressed, while their curious eyes beheld a man honored and beloved of nations. Then from a chariot, clouded in thousands of white carnations, illumined with the golden

color of the State, drawn by six white horses, William McKinley alighted. Without heralds or guards, he stood before his countrymen.

A human sea of upturned faces swayed about him and beneath him; to each one he gave the smile of a true American citizen. Amid deafening enthusiasm he caught and held anew the hearts of all. In the splendid oncoming procession he seemed to feel alike the devotion of old men and children. On the Pacific Slope he found united love. Loyal subjects born beneath foreign flags were everywhere, while one by one passed tributes to his popular administration. School children, clubmen, United States soldiers, Castillians, Mexicans, free sons of African descent, Chinese, Christianized and heathen to the full extent of Oriental grandeur, all formed a line to do their President honour. Millions of perfect flowers turned petaled faces upward. And above the exquisite scheme of moving grace and color the man—the President—stood out alone.

Slowly the splendid spectacle moved on; then Ah Puck held her breath, for the jaws of

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the great Mongolian dragon stood open with the fierce charge of Lem Gay's golden prod. The Celestial's moment had arrived. Lavender and green forms swayed beneath the plunging monster. Like a mad devil it leaped. Athwart its glistening back danced sunbeams. A block away the sinuous gorgeous tail rose up, and fell, with the frantic, mighty will of sequestered sweating heathen.

And thrice did the beast bow low; thrice did the golden fork of Lem Gay compel obeisance to the ungilded throne of the United States. And thrice the crownless king of a republic acknowledged the allegiance of Chinatown. With cordial smiles he promised humane, square treatment. Knights of the Golden Dragon all read fresh assurances of protection in the kind face above them, while beneath the ribs of the dragon, civilized emotions took root regardless of creed or dogma.

For Ah Puck, wedged to the pavement by thrusting forms, the passing show was a revelation of delight. Pride in the performance of her spouse had entirely abated her former anger. Close by the side of protecting Ah



**THE** jaws of the great Mongolian dragon stood open  
with the fierce charge of Lem Gay's golden prod.



Fat, she clapped her hands and jabbered in highest key. The superiority of her nation shone out conclusively when the Chinese Board of Trade went by in hacks, augmented by American coachmen. The honorable representatives of the old quarter were arrayed in kingly purple, each golden chin supplemented by a long false beard. All was indeed wonderful! Heap like tales of festival days in a far-away home of brilliant ancestors. Wider and wider stretched Ah Puck's eyelids; then the pressing of the great crowd overcame her.

As the procession moved forward, bands played in the distance, but alas! the wife of Lem Gay no longer heard music. Against the breast of Ah Fat she swayed unconscious of her long-delayed chariot now rattling down the street. The patrol wagon had arrived and a policeman's desecrating arms dragged poor Ah Puck forward. Clang! clang! and the right of way was theirs.

But an hour later a marvelous thing happened at the Receiving Hospital, where, in a dim, fresh-smelling room of the maternity ward, Ah Puck lifted her head to listen.

Music once more—heavenly! divine! Was ever sound so sweet? A white-capped nurse bent down, smiling.

“You must not move now,” she commanded. The dark, elaborately dressed head came up again.

“Let me lookey,” she pleaded. “I likey see one time—I likey know that good luck!” Madam Ah Fat bounded officiously forward with a bundle and the high priestess of cap and apron raised one corner of a blanket; something sneezed.

“Little man clutch heap cold!” the Chinese woman cried in glee. Ah Puck’s brown hand reached out with new solicitude and drew the cover quickly; then a blast of Celestial gongs ended a maternal tableau; for the great Mongolian dragon again swayed in the street below. Heathenish din rent the birth-chamber. Ah Puck smiled. She knew that her lord, Lem Gay, was now returning to the old quarter with the victorious, disbanded Chinese division. Faint color tinged her cheeks. She laughed softly.

Ah Fat rushed to the open window with a

roll of blankets. She thrust the bundle forth, screaming at the top of her voice, "Lookey Lem Gay! Lookey you up! Lookey this—!" the announcement was not finished. The nurse shut the window. From the bed Ah Puck called eagerly. She spoke in her native tongue, her dark eyes blazed as cut jets.

"Tell not my man!" she cried. "I will not have him learn great joy from you. Say only his woman makes one little call from home; one little sick time. Say I be back pletty soon—four days. Say I glad I stay hospital—nice clean sheets. Four days Ah Puck come home—be good wife."

"Go at once," the nurse commanded as Madam Ah Fat shuffled from the room. In the distance the clang of Chinese gongs grew dim; crowded streets thinned; the lull of an eventful morning had begun, and Ah Puck slept.

Refreshing slumbers marked the young mother's next few days; then she began to watch for her lord. On the evening of the fourth day the dark head lifted anxiously from its pillow. Ah Puck was listening. A Chi-

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nese tread outside the door filled her with joy.

Only Ah Fat shuffled in, gaily dressed, elate. Her shining oil-cloth street costume and flower-decked head betokened importance. She fanned excitedly and broke into Chinese confidences. Her tongue clipped sharply with wild disclosures. Great things had happened. Ah Puck had missed much.

The old quarter was in confusion. Tongs were at war! Police had swooped down on fan-tan dens. More thrilling than all, an open-day murder had just been committed. Old Chung Foo had been sent at last to the land of spirits! The great gambler now lay dead on his laquer bed. The inner apartment of old Chung Foo's house was open to the police.

"No, Lem Gay not know. Lem Gay not home—he out Pasadena hunting job. Lem Gay go back cook boarding-house—come see Ah Puck pletty seen—perhaps not till to-morrow."

Disappointment touched the corners of the young wife's mouth. "You tell my man?" she demanded.

"I not tell," Ah Fat answered. "I say you bleak leg—stay hospital—no can walk. I say kind lady give heap nice clean sheets."

Then came a knock; the next moment Lem Gay entered.

"Heap big joke," cried Ah Fat. "You man say he not come this day." The attendant nurse smiled, moving to the window.

There was a shrill cry from beneath the blanket at the side of Ah Puck. Impassible Lem Gay started, then bent above his wife.

"You not know—Ah Fat not tell?" Ah Puck slipped the edge of the blanket and behold! Lem Gay's angel sleeves trembled.

"You likey you little man child?" whispered Ah Puck. "I say good luck come sure, when Plesident make bow to big dragon—len I not see any more. You glad I bling you little man child?"

She laughed softly as she tossed the blanket entirely aside.

"Two men childs!" she proclaimed triumphantly. "Now you likey me heap much—pletty sure—all time?"

## THE BLACK LILY

**I**N the old quarter of Los Angeles Celestials were waiting for Chinese New Year. The glad season was at hand when both old and young make merry. Only San Lu, the "Black Lily," was disconsolate. She was lonely and fat and sick. At last everyone ignored her existence, while even Moon Dee, the slave girl, stayed long upon the street. San Lu heard festive, holiday noises with anger. Why was she forgotten? Her Chinese shoes shuffled wearily when she tried to walk and her breath came hard. The hand of a devil was pressing against her heart. In a gold lacquer box were black pills, now San Lu's only consolation. She took one. On the wall a mirror, enriched on either side by embroidered silk banners, reflected her dull, bloated face. She was no longer beautiful. Two light streaks marked the center of the Black



***MOON DEE**, the slave girl.*



Lily's painted cheeks; yet to-day she did not repair the ravage of hot tears. She was too sick and forlorn to care about anything but temporary relief, and that came with a black pill. Although she had paid the great Doctor Faun much money, he would not remove the devil's hand. No merciful joss listened to her appeal when she burned many prayer-papers and rich offerings.

Life had grown stupid and hard to San Lu. The approach of Chinese New Year brought her only strange, desolate yearning. Outside, the day was crisp, charged with ozone from distant snow-peaks while the old quarter seemed freshened in view of an idle week to come.

Into San Lu's best room where Oriental clutter expressed wealth and former state, there came no fresh breath of air. All was tightly closed and stifling. On a carved teak-wood table stood a Canton bowl filled with stones that held upright clusters of Chinese lilies blooming amid tall green stalks. Sickening, holiday fragrance pervaded the shack; yet no friend dropped in to wish San Lu good luck for the coming year.

The "Black Lily's" downfall and doom were both accepted throughout the quarter. In upper circles, including respectable women—wives and daughters—she was scorned, if remembered at all, and to-day those of her own class were too busy to regard her plight even through curiosity. No one cared that she was dying by inches, alone and neglected. San Lu had no friend.

At last she began to listen desperately for the tambourine of the "Jesus woman." Perhaps the "Jesus woman" would find time to come. Anything seemed better than to be left alone.

Outside, spitting fire-crackers exploded every minute. Festive sounds made San Lu wild with longing. She wished once more that the girl in dark blue, with the ugly bonnet, would sing a song and beat the tambourine; then perhaps the devil might be frightened away and stop pressing against her heart. The "Jesus woman" was kind and San Lu did not resent a lecture on sin which she vaguely understood. To the daughter of shame, wrong-doing seemed but incidental to arrest and, for many months, the "Black Lily" had

paid no fine. She was rich and, now that she was sick, policemen no longer annoyed her. Moon Dee, the slave girl, went and came at will, while no prying "cop" broke into the poor little shack or raised uproar in the side alley in which it hid. Life had long been monotonous. In an elemental way she felt just deserts; was mad with fear when she thought of her prospective trip to the spirit land. The Salvation Army girl had not made clear a simple expedient found through repentance, and to San Lu's Oriental mind faith was too tame to be convincing. The tragedy in far Cathay, where a father's perfidy sold her to a slave trader sailing for America, compelled her to accept fate; yet, withal, she had lived to buy herself free, to become both rich and important in the Celestial underworld. Until the "Black Lily" grew sick and ugly she had been queen of her degraded class.

Now everything had changed, and at times, the forgotten sinner was mad with fear. To-day, in her tightly closed shack, she felt no interest in life. She would not gamble as women of the street all did; for, with vague

precaution, she was secretly hoarding money for her eventual departure to the Spirit-Land. Hop Woo, the great lawyer of the Quarter, took care of her capital, always to look inscrutable if curious strangers remarked on his client's wealth. Chinese bankers were forced to treat the "Black Lily" with enjoined respect. But time was passing. San Lu thought of little but the devil's hand pressing against her heart. Now, at last, she began to fight with all her strength against the odds of dissolution. She must prepare for the inevitable.

Hop Woo came often to the shack in the alley where the sick woman's business was duly arranged. The "Black Lily" went from home no longer. Her dark, shining street-costume hung on a peg, neglected. She wore only soft silk garments thickly padded for winter's transcient chill. She was careless about her hair, while the splendid long earrings—the envy of every rival—became too heavy. The devil's hand was pressing—always pressing! San Lu had now no pride. But, on the last

day of the dying year, Moon Dee, the slave girl, once more dressed her mistress royally; then hastened away to find Hop Woo.

Although the demand of the season tempted, the lawyer lost no moments in answering the summons of his rich client. Subsequent visits to San Lu had prepared him for a final responsibility. Hop Woo smiled; was nowise unnerved at the sudden call of the "Black Lily." Already he had been entrusted with gold to buy off every evil ghost, and all devils en route to the celestial Spirit Land. He was ready for business. The sick woman, richly clad, seated in a grand red lacquer chair, calmly faced him. The "Black Lily" had dressed for the last act of her career. Once more her hair was oiled and studded with pins and ornaments. The long earrings dangled against painted cheeks; on her arm she wore a good-luck bracelet. Chinese lilies made sickening perfume. There was again an air of ceremony for the shack in the alley.

Strange, desperate dignity possessed the "Black Lily"; for even yet, she might re-

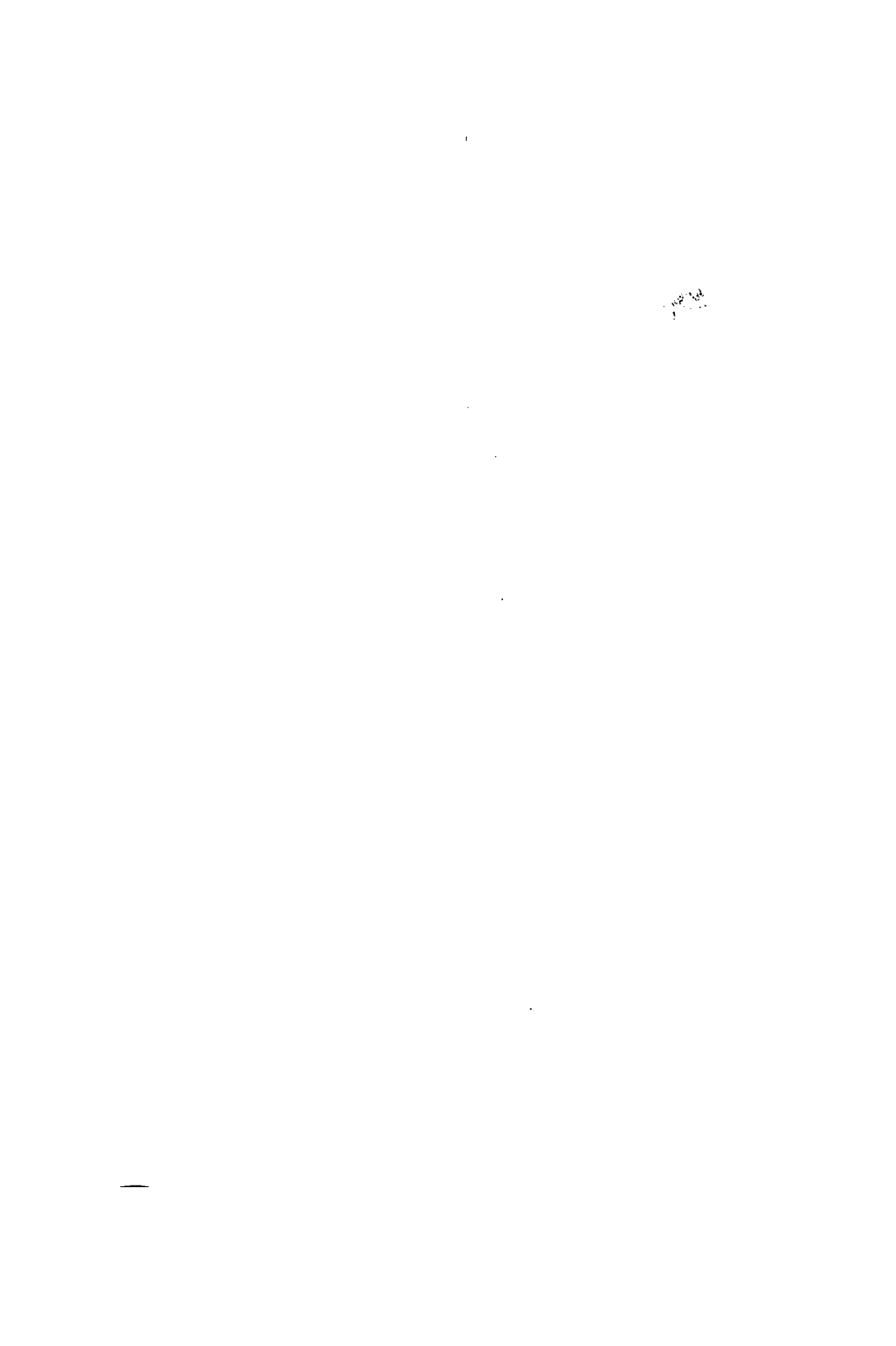
strain Hop Woo's cupidity, humble him before her wealth and lingering power. The lawyer bowed low.

Outside, spitting fire-crackers made preliminary celebration for the New Year, only a few short hours away. Much was to be arranged, and nothing must be overlooked in the final bond of agreement. San Lu's executive force stood out in strange contrast to the lazy, ignoble life she had led. Almost royal atmosphere pervaded the little room where she sat in the red lacquer chair, dictating precautions for her approaching demise. San Lu had at last extinguished the Salvation girl's threat of everlasting fire, to accept with elemental courage a host of oncoming Chinese devils. Her hope was to outwit every evil ghost and travel safely to the untried Spirit Land. She at once began to enumerate important items for her grand funeral.

Hop Woo's fee had been decided upon, and he was now no longer cold to the "Black Lily's" interests. To-day he gave her fresh assurance of devotion. He would attend to everything; nothing should be forgotten. Hired mourn-



***THE “Black Lily” had dressed for  
the last act in her career.***



ers, bell-men, and gong beaters should rest no instant, when once the ghost of San Lu had been given up. No moment of silence should make lurking devils bold. For days and nights hellish noise should prevail within the shack; then, at last, the body of the "Black Lily" lying in state, might go safely forward to the Chinese cemetery. The hearse should be dressed with flowers and charms against accident, and there would be many hired hacks filled with hired mourners. Horses drawing open carriages must be driven by gaily dressed countrymen, not by white devils of the plaza stable. At the open grave every care must be taken to lower the grand coffin amid hideous din, while on clods yet freshly turned should rest a roasted pig and manifold dainties prepared for San Lu's hungry soul.

Thus all was stipulated in the bond.

Hop Woo, never so profound as now, brushed in details on a sheet of Chinese paper, then blandly smiled,—every condition in the bond. San Lu rose exultant and all that day took black pills; felt stronger. By early evening she had a wild desire to look down once

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more on the little world she had known so long. Superhuman strength seemed hidden in her tottering limbs. She would climb aloft to a back balcony of the shack. Step by step she took the risk.

In season's past, San Lu's upper platform, planted before a weather-worn panel which opened to disclose brightly dressed slave-girls, was known to policemen as the "nest of the trap-door spider." The "Black Lily" among slaves of her household had once been the acknowledged queen of a Celestial underworld. Now, on the eve of the Chinese New Year, she stood alone on the tragic balcony and knew that she had pushed aside the wooden panel for the last time. Curiosity, a distinguishing trait of the Chinese woman, overcame fear and she bent forward to peer beyond the alley into a prominent pocket of trade. Here life was rushing and gay; full of anticipation. San Lu longed to go once more upon the street, to mingle with the throng; then, as she gazed, she felt the hand of the devil on her heart. She seemed to suffocate. Her presumption was already punished, while the thought of dy-



***H**IRED mourners, bell-men, and gong  
beaters should rest no instant, when once  
the ghost of San Lu had been given up.*



ing alone on the balcony sent her prostrate against the rickety railing. Evil spirits would take her before the precautions of Hop Woo could intervene. Why had she ventured on the roof? Before her eyes mist deepened: she was blind. Suddenly in the street, she heard the voice of the Jesus-woman—the sound of the tambourine.

To San Lu's singing soul there came sharp comfort. She sat up and peered once more into the pocket of trade, gaily dressed with banners and lanterns waiting for night. Again she felt the pulse of life and longed for human solace. In the distance she recognized her pretty slave circling the block in view of adventure. Moon Dee's pale blue satin coat embroidered with pink blossoms flashed above lavender trousers, while the girl's dark, well-shaped head, adorned with a flower, proclaimed her joy in the gala season.

San Lu's eyes grew stronger—brighter. The mist had gone; she felt natural. She was not going to die. All at once she saw everything with renewed interest and vain longing for life. She could not leave the world of

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light! In the early evening sky the young moon and a star shone dimly. Fragrance of Chinese lilies and rank odor of holiday cooking fed her nostrils. But she had no part in the happy season.

Again the bright costume of Moon Dee arrested her gaze and she wept because the girl did not return.

The devil's hand was pressing! Sensuous attractions of the old quarter were fading—and again the mist was forming before her eyes.

The dying woman, born to evil destiny and pitiful fate, began to see through her lingering heathen soul. In far China she seemed to be once more a little girl in the village built on either side of a canal. Her father, of lowest caste—a “water rat”—was with her in a boat that pushed slowly away to meet the river. Now she was drifting—drifting—

But suddenly San Lu heard voices close at hand. At last the strong arms of the Jesus-woman were gently lifting her, and she breathed again. It was good to be close to a friend.



***H**ER father, of lowest caste — a “water rat.”*



“Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become whiter than snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool,” the girl repeated. Her voice was solemn, tender. The little slave, Moon Dee, stood aloof, silent and frightened.

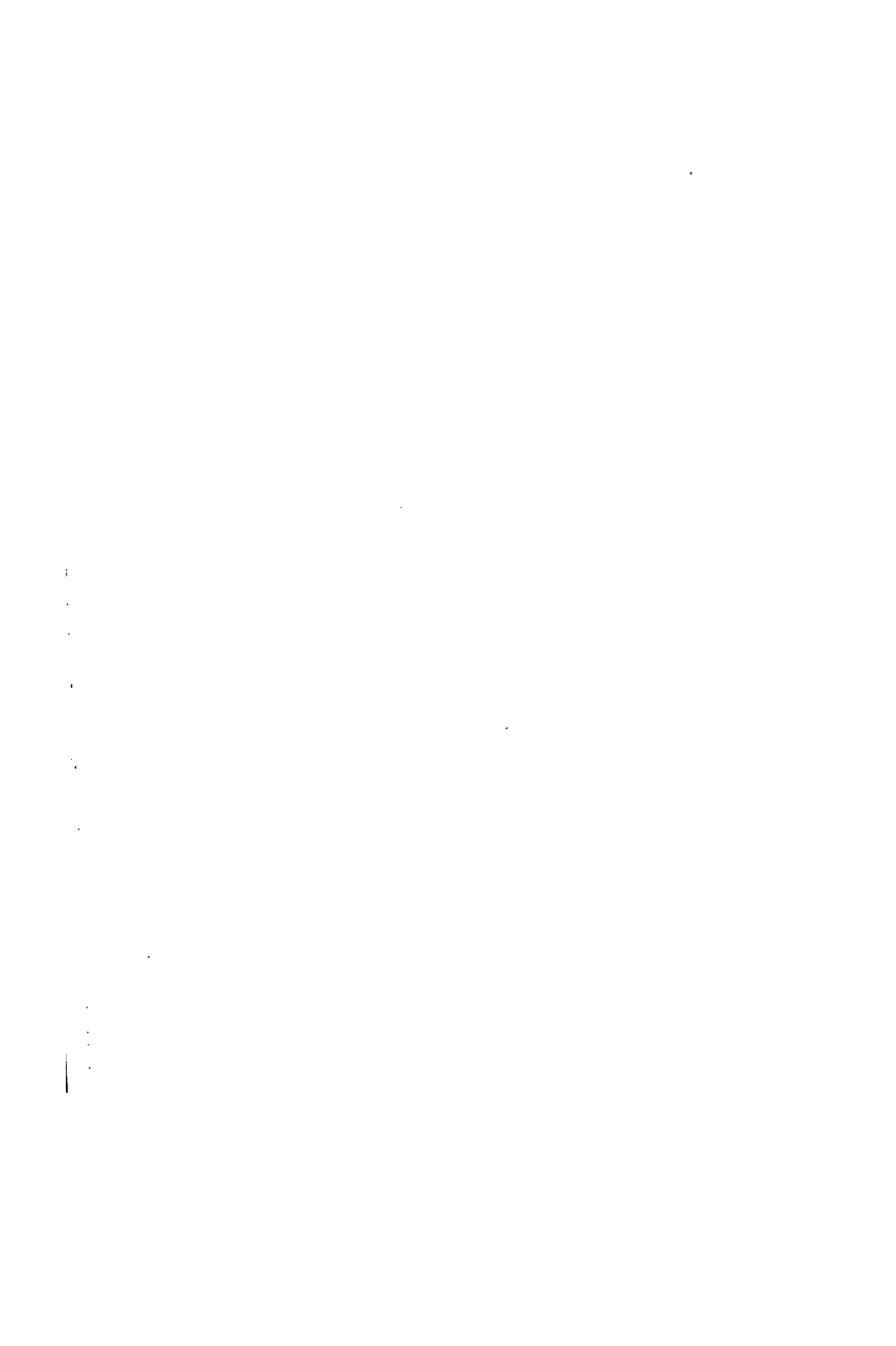
Again the ugly blue bonnet bent above San Lu. The Jesus-woman began once more. “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall become whiter than snow: though they—” San Lu’s eyes opened wide and wistful. She summoned all her strength while a smile touched the parching lips. Personal salvation no longer troubled the wilting “Black Lily,” and with heavy, paling hand, she pointed to the slave girl, Moon Dee.

“I—give—you—her,” she faltered. “Make—her—white.”

THE END











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